



THE CARDINAL

of the

Senior Class

of

1918





Dedication

This volume is dedicated to O. W. Kitchell, A. M., D. Sc., whose kindly interest and good humor have contributed much toward making our course in the Normal School an inspiration and success.

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State University College
Plattsburgh, New York 12901



DR. KITCHELL

O. W. Kitchell, A.M., D.Sc.

Dr. O. W. Kitchell was born at Newark, New Jersey, and attended the Newark Public Schools, graduating from the Newark High School. He then entered Columbia College and received the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Philosophy. After that he took a graduate course at Columbia, receiving the degree of Master of Arts. He taught Natural Science in the Grammar School of Rutgers College for a time and then returned to Columbia for further graduate study. In 1899, Dr. Kitchell was admitted to the Bar in New Jersey and has since studied in the Graduate School of Cornell University. After having received the degree of Doctor of Science from Bucknell College, he accepted the position as head of the Department of Mathematics in the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Lock Haven. In the Fall of 1903, he came to Plattsburgh where for fifteen years he has been head of the Department of Mathematics.

Foreword

We, the Editorial Staff of the 1918 *CARDINAL* have compiled this book for the students of the State Normal School at Plattsburgh. Although our attempts at composition are not grand productions of literature, we have endeavored to put into this edition of the *CARDINAL* that which will bring to mind pleasant memories of our Normal School Days.

So, when in years to come, you find this little book, possibly covered with dust, please read it in the way that it is meant to be read. And if you with your long experience and fine culture feel inclined to criticize, kindly remember that:

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do.

Chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages 'princes' palaces.'"

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Opening Day Speech

Over five and twenty years ago, the State established in Plattsburgh a Normal School, conceived in Education and dedicated to the proposition "that if anyone lived to graduate he would make a good teacher." Now Fate decrees that we enter that institution to test our ability to do with it or to do without it. We are met within the very walls of that building. We have come to subject ourselves as a grateful offering to the mercy of such tyrannical officers as the State has placed here to produce its martyrs. But even we with all our superior power cannot alter the set customs of this antiquated institution with its venerable personifications of Knowledge. Our poor sisters both living and dead who have been constrained here have proved it far better than we of shorter experience. People of today comment much upon what we secure here but they can never realize what we endure here. Naught therefore remains but to go about our tasks, submissively receiving Miss Garrity's sarcasm and Dr. Henshaw's jokes and courageously looking forward to coming ordeals. Our one happiness is in the dear old carefree high school days which are gone forever.

How the Class of 1918 Proposes to "Do Its Bit"

The real meaning of patriotism is sinking more and more deeply into the hearts of all true Americans today and every real patriot has done or is doing something to help his country in this, her hour of need.

In all probability every member of the Class of 1918 is in either one or both of these classes. Nevertheless there remains something more that we can do—a bigger thing than most of us have yet done, great as are the sacrifices which some of us have been called upon to make of our near and dear ones. To those making these sacrifices this way of showing our patriotism will doubtless seem a difficult one, for we propose to express our patriotism by helping our friends and all with whom we come in contact to see the silver lining of this terrible war cloud.

It would take a prophetic vision and greater minds than ours to foretell the future good which will result from this fearful conflict, but the least of us cannot but admit that, in a world of reason, such an upheaval cannot be without a purpose. Furthermore we are blind indeed if we have not noticed some of its good effects which are before us every day. A few of these are the intermingling of all classes and religious sects; the instilling of the habit of thrift and economy in the minds of a people so nearly forgetting these things; and the habit of "being busy" which is coming to be possessed by all, rich and poor. Then there is the wonderful improvement in "our boys" themselves, as a result of their military training. Is it not reasonable then that the good effects of this terrible struggle will, in our country at least, balance the evil ones?

It seems that if we as a class can believe this and try to help others to see it, we will be showing our patriotism in the deepest sense and proving ourselves true to the most wonderful colors under which a class ever graduated.

Farewell

The class of 1918 has been loyal and true. There have been many ways in which we, as a class, might have been better. Our two years at Plattsburgh State Normal School are drawing to a close. We regret any failings we may have had and look forward to a future in which we will labor only for glory in appreciation of our dear old school.



PRESENTED TO THE PLATTSBURGH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
BY THE CLASSES OF 1918 AND 1919.

SENIORS



MOTTO—"FOR COUNTRY, GOD AND RIGHT"

COLORS—RED, WHITE AND BLUE

OFFICERS

KATHERINE M. ROBB	President
VICTORIA P. DOUGAN	President
MADELEINE D. PETTET	Secretary
HELEN S. BOND	Treasurer

“Alpha and Omega”

Among Shakespeare's famous writings we find this passage:

“All the world's a stage,
And all its men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

So we might with Shakespeare fittingly compare the past two years of our lives with the scenes of a drama, the climax of which is near at hand.

The morning of September 15, 1916 witnessed the rising of the curtain as our caste composed of about seventy-five characters filed into the corridors and classrooms of the Plattsburgh State Normal to stage what we anticipated—a successful production. Although we were young and inexperienced on the stage of human life and although we hadn't among our number any actresses of an Anne Pennington or Bessie Macoy Davis type yet we had the courage of our convictions that we learn to do by doing and so launched out bravely with the greatest of confidence and severity.

For the first few weeks Normal life was indeed a novelty. Rush parties and sorority teas proved to be fitting precautions against homesickness. To be sure these were a privilege, but the Junior class knew how to use them and for the most part were wise in attending to work before play. At the close of the social season both the Generals and Commercialites retired to a more secluded life. Tilling the soil of mind and pulling the weeds of error were the order of the day.

Soon the holidays were at hand and after a few days of rest to regain our equilibrium the Junior class was in better spirits than ever to carry on its noble work. Mid-year with all that it meant loomed up before us with an unusual problem, namely, a series of final exams, but the Juniors with few exceptions ably mastered the situation.

Following this according to the usual custom we were favored with a little recreation which took the form of a mid-year dance. After commendable preparation on the part of some of the Juniors and Seniors the big social event proved a creditable success on the evening of January 30, 1917.

The second semester then dealt out to each one of us ample rations to keep us mentally satisfied. The Generals particularly appreciated this diet both in quality and quantity for previous to this time they had been trying out the

practice of food conservation—mentally speaking. The menu of mental delicacies supplied by the faculty indeed stimulated us but the adequate digestion of it all took from February until June.

Shortly after mid-year the Junior class organized choosing as its manager Mr. Girard. Like Charles Dillingham, Mr. Girard realized from the outset what such a position meant and worked in the interests of those for whom he was held responsible.

Right at this point a noteworthy incident occurred behind the scene. The Seniors feeling that our intellects hadn't sufficiently matured to conduct a business meeting decided to await its outcome. Naturally of a restless, weary disposition they became uneasy as a child does when awaiting something that is promised him. In the course of one of the episodes they so adjusted part of the scenery that it resulted in a misfortune to one of our actresses and somewhat hampered the progress of events. How deplorable! a class supposed to be superior to us in standing and years. Such a class took pleasure in bringing chaos and disorder upon the members of our caste.

Shortly after this one morning the rear of the assembly hall presented a commendable spectacle when each member of the Junior class wearing our class colors, red, white and blue, and equipped with a copy of our class song stood in eager suspense to let the Seniors know we were there. The Seniors sat aghast as they listened to the strains of our melody absolutely unable to appreciate the opportunity that was afforded them. All that day, however, we thought that the Seniors had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser for they totally ignored our class. Fortunately this idea was misjudged on our part for we later discovered that owing to a lack of mental alertness they were unable at all times to recognize the red, white and blue.

Onward the Junior class perseveringly strove until we were soon aware that the first scene of our drama had been successfully played. Friendships that had grown up between the two classes were about to be severed. Although we were conscious of the short-comings of the Seniors, yet we knew their good points outweighed their weaker ones and as a testimonial of our good will we entertained them with a dance on the evening of June 15, 1917, which proved an enjoyable success. The Senior Reception followed shortly after this and then Commencement day after which the lively, busy classrooms and corridors were subdued once more to silence for the summer months.

It was soon September, however, and on the morning of the twelfth almost all our number were once more assembled for the enactment of our final scene. Now we were Seniors. Ours was the duty to guide and encourage those entrusted to our care, namely, the Juniors.

The usual social activities predominated for the first few weeks. These, however, were shortlived for the Seniors desiring to keep up their good reputation settled down to work in a firm business-like way.

The members of our drama then reorganized by means of a Senior class meeting at which Miss Robb was this time elected manager.

The time sped on all too fast until mid-year with its gloomy anticipations was upon us. But the Seniors naturally optimistic and endowed with something of an idea of the subject matter of the first term's work managed to survive at this particular period.

The second semester rolled around with its problems for each one of us but the fact that we were Seniors made it necessary that we surmount any difficulty so of course we accepted the new contributions with all manner of cheerfulness and good will.

Along with its daily labors the Senior class succeeded in awakening the Juniors from a listless, dreamy state of mind to which they had fallen victims. We felt that our efforts had been more than repaid for not only did we accomplish our purpose but we acquired a clearer conception of the meaning of the Renaissance which so often troubled us in History of Education. To be sure we might feel that our production was enhanced by having the opportunity to present it to an audience even though it were in the form of an analogy to such a profound occurrence as the awakening in the Middle Ages.

On the evening of March 16 the gymnasium was the scene of a very enjoyable social function in which both Juniors and Seniors and their friends took part. The effective decorations and the fine music for which the committees in charge should be credited contributed in no small part to the success of this event.

The time from this point on seemed as a fleeting hour whose end was destined shortly to be upon us. Indeed these two years although they have been filled with labors have been pleasant ones. Now that the curtain is about to lower, I feel that our sentiments should be expressed toward those who have made possible the success of our past undertaking. And in behalf of the class of 1918 I extend to our honored faculty our sincere gratitude.

Our struggle together has joined us more closely as a class, and has deepened our friendships, which we will carry with us through life. Whatever and wherever we may be in the future, we shall always remember the "golden haze of student days," and endeavor to be everywhere loyal "to our Alma Mater, to our Country and the Right."

CATHERINE McQUILLAN.

President's Address

Farewell. At this time throughout the length and breadth of the world there is being said farewell by millions—perhaps not to be renewed until democracy is triumphant. Today the class of 1918 stands triumphant, but in our achievements let us bear in mind that we are merely advancing on the first round of the ladder that is inclined for our success or failure. And as we assume the duties for which we have labored eagerly, we assume an obligation of moulding the minds of pupils to honesty of principles and to a rectitude of character which will make them worthy citizens. If we can do these things we will be rewarded by a satisfied mind which spells success. And I feel that if ever a class could accomplish this slogan, it is our class, the class of 1918.

Dr. Hawkins and Members of the Faculty. In our two years of school life we acknowledge you as our staunchest friends. We owe you much and more than we can hope to repay. Your unselfish devotion to our welfare has been unfailing and we beg you to accept our deepest gratitude and best wishes for your succeeding years.

Classmates. The day of joy and sorrow has come. We rejoice in the completion of our school days and in the good fellowship that has prevailed throughout our two years of associations. As we depart from P. S. N. S. our sorrows will come as we bid farewell to one another, for we know full well that we may never meet again. But let us resolve to keep in mind the happy days of the class of 1918.

In expression of our loyalty toward the school, the classes of 1918 and 1919 have combined in presenting to their Alma Mater the sun dial which now stands on the campus. The combination of the two classes in making this gift shows the splendid spirit of cooperation which has existed during our year of association.

In parting let us be imbued with the conception of the usefulness of our gift and even as that records the march of time, so let our future actions be the "sun dial" of our lives, and let us so live that every moment it records will have been utilized to the utmost and leave us with a consciousness of work well done.

KATHERINE ROBB.

Class Poem---1918

The links that are forged in Friendship's chain
Are strongest when they're forged in youth,
Their lasting power will stand life's strain,
Because they're formed from love and truth.

Life's happiest hours are soonest past,
Time in its restless flight moves on,
The only thing in life that lasts
Is memory of the joy that's gone.

With joyous pace our days move on,
The weeks and months glide into years,
Each hour a joy, each day a song
With no regrets, no sighs, nor tears.

But when commencement time draws near,
A sense of fear weighs on each heart,
Our eyes are dimmed with unshed tear,
We dread the hour when we must part.

It comes; our Normal days are done,
We meet it with both joy and sorrow,
Glad of the parchment we have won,
Sad, for our parting comes tomorrow.

The pain and sorrow of the hour
Must find relief in forceful measure
To know that time and place lack power
To rob the store of memory's treasure.

In years to come when we are sad,
Sitting and thinking all alone,
Just take these records of the heart
To play on Memory's Graphophone.

K. Clair McCann, '18.

"Frank"
 FRANCES L. ABRAHAMSON,
 Jamestown, N. Y.
 "No one but herself could be her parallel."
 Jamestown High School
 AKΦ, Valedictorian, 2nd Assistant Business Manager Cardinal.

"Angel"
 IDA H. ANSHELEWITZ, Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 "She comes, she comes, the frost spirit comes."
 Tupper Lake High School

"Shorty"
 MABEL E. AUSTIN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "Precious things come in small packages."
 Plattsburgh High School

"Bake"
 ELIZABETH E. BAKER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "And she looked up and loved him with a love that proved her doom."
 Plattsburgh High School
 Delta Chionian.





"Clair"

CLARA BARROWS, Crown Point, N. Y.
 "It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny
 mood."
 Crown Point High School

"Becky"

KATHRYNE W. BECKWITH,
 Whitehall, N. Y.
 "Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."
 Whitehall High School

"Bondy"

HELEN SUSAN BOND, Keeseville, N. Y.
 "Oh this learning, what a thing it is!"
 Keeseville High School
*Delta Omicron. Class Treasurer, Class
 Orator.*

"Glad"

GLADYS BOURASSA, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Edmunds High School
 "I think it is well to be a little reserved."

"Brooksle"

ESTHER E. BROOKS,

South New Berlin, N. Y.

"Of manners gentle, of affections soft."

Norwich High School

Delta Omicron.

"Buckie"

RUTH E. BUCK, Dannemora, N. Y.

"Let us enjoy pleasure while we can,

Pleasure is never long enough."

Dannemora High School

AKP, Class Song.

"Buck"

FRANCES A. BUCKLEY,

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

"How soon a smile can change the world."

Saranac Lake High School

Saranac Lake Training Class.

"Madge"

MADELINE G. BUTLER, Schenectady, N. Y.

"I pass silently among you."

Schenectady High School

Honor Student.





"Burnsie"

IRENE C. BYRNES, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no
 lies!"

Plattsburgh High School
Delta Chionian, Honor Student.

"Doxy"

ESTHER A. CAGWIN, Rome, N. Y.
 "Born to blush unseen."
 Rome Free Academy
Delta Chionian.

"Liz"

ELIZABETH H. CARMODY,
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "And on her cheek blushes the richness of
 an Autumn sky."
 D'Youville Academy
 ΑΚΦ.

"Goniffe"

LUCILLE CONIFF, Whitehall, N. Y.
 "To afford others amusement is my
 pleasure."

Whitehall High School
 ΑΚΦ.

• "Norton"
 MARGARET J. CONROY,
 Beekmantown, N. Y.
 "She would not with peremptory tone
 Assert the nose upon her face her own."
 D'Youville Academy
 AKΦ.

KATHRYN L. CURTIN, Chateaugay, N. Y.
 "I'll live a private penslve llfe."
 Chateaugay High School
 AKΦ, *Chateaugay Training Class, Honor Student,*

"D Apostrophe Arcy"
 MARGARET M. D'ARCY, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "She talked and talked and still her tongue
 went on."
 McAnley Academy
 AKΦ.

"July"
 JUNE CAROLYN DAVIS,
 Brainardsville, N. Y.
 "Do'st think I was born yesterday?"
 Chateaugay High School
 AKΦ.





"Flossy"

FLORENCE E. DEWEY, Bloomingdale, N. Y.

"Get leave to work in this world,

'Tis the best you get at all."

Bloomingdale High School

"Sin Twister"

MARIE S. DONEHUE, Rochester, N. Y.

"I am not stuck up and I'm in my place."

Rochester West High School

Delta Chionian.

"The other Twister"

MARTHA E. DONEHUE, Rochester, N. Y.

"It is good to make a jest."

Rochester West High School

AKΦ, President of the Normal Club.

"Peoria"

VICTORIA P. DOUGAN, Mineville, N. Y.

"They that govern the most sometimes
make the least noise."

Mineville High School

Delta Chionian, Vice-President, Alumni

Editor of Cardinal.

"Squirt"
 GERTRUDE E. DUNDAS, Port Henry, N. Y.
 "All is not hold that titters."
 Champlain Academy
 AKΦ.

"Celeste"
 LAURA C. ELLENWOOD, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "The happiest day is yet the last."
 Plattsburgh High School
*Della Clonian, Literary Editor of Cardinal
 Charge to Juniors.*

"Norton, 2nd"
 OLGA V. ETIENNE, Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 "Be sure you pronounce her name right."
 Holy Cross Academy

"Fannie"
 FRANCES ELIZABETH FINN,
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "Let the world slide."
 Plattsburgh High School
 AKΦ, Ivy Oration.





"Fisky"

MARION REGINA FISKE,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Better late than never."

Plattsburgh High School

AKΦ.

"Ag"

AGNES G. FOLEY,

Clayton, N. Y.

"You impress us as a thinking woman,"

Boonville High School

Boonville Training Class, Della Clonian.

Honor Student.

"France"

FRANCES P. FRAZIER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Nature has formed less frivolous creatures
in her time."

Plattsburgh High School

AKΦ.

"Cath"

CATHERINE E. GAVIN, Stockbridge, Mass.

"Waste not thy gifts in profitless waiting for
the god's descent."

Williams High School

AKΦ.

"Rufus"
 RUTH E. GLOOR, Rochester, N. Y.
 "She is a silent woman."
 East Rochester High School
Vice-President Normal Club.

"Mary—Ann"
 MARION G. GOLLEY, Rome, N. Y.
 "Many a pointed thing has been written with
 a blunt pen."
 Rome Free Academy
Della Clintonian, Honor Student.

"Ann"
 ANNA E. GOODMAN, West Chazy, N. Y.
 "Silence is golden."
Special Teacher's Certificate.

"Meg"
 MARGARET GORMAN,
 Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
 "Heard noises are sweet
 But those unheard are sweeter."
 St. Peter's Academy
 A.K.P.





"Beth"

ELISABETH GRAVES, Norwich, N. Y.

"Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise."

Norwich High School

Delta Chionian.

"Flggy"

FRANCES IRENE GRAVES,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Move on Mister Moon."

Plattsburgh High School

AKΦ.

"Gen"

GENEVIEVE GREGORY,

Central Valley, N. Y.

"Men of few words are the best men."

MONROE HIGH SCHOOL

"K. P."

KATHERINE P. HALLER, Woodmere, L. I.

"Life may be one grand sweet song to a few,

But the majority trip along to music written in ragtime."

Woodmere High School

"Tommy"
 DOROTHY HAWTHORNE, Newburgh, N. Y.
 "If women knew themselves
 They could not be intolerant of others!"
 Newburgh Free Academy
Delta Clionian.

"Milly"
 MILDRED S. HILL, White Plains, N. Y.
 "Great things are made of little things."
 White Plains High School

"Mauselle"
 MILA ADELE HINDS, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "Gentle of speech but absolute of rule."
 D'Youville Academy
*Delta Clionian, Assistant Editor-in-Chief
 Cardinal.*

"Katherine"
 KATHERINE W. HOGAN, Chateaugay, N. Y.
 "A gentle girl of good conscience."
 Chateaugay High School
 AK4, Chateaugay Training Class.





"Peggy"

MARGARET E. HOGAN, Chatcaugay, N. Y.

"I exist as I am—that is enough."

Chateaugay High School

ΔΚΦ, Chatcaugay Training Class.

"Billy"

MAE JACQUES, Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Thy silence quite becomes thee, little girl"

Morrisonville High School

AKΦ.

"El"

ELEANOR S. JOHNSON, Whitehall, N. Y.

"A daughter of the gods; divinely tall and
most divinely fair."

Whitehall High School

Delta Chi Omega, Assistant Joke Editor
Cardinal, Class Will.

"Kapple"

ESTHER CAPLAN, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

"A virtuous and well-governed maid."

Tupper Lake High School

"Floss"
 FLORENCE L. KARLEN, Boonville, N. Y.
 "Still waters run deep."
 Boonville High School
Boonville Training Class, Delta Omicron.

"Katzle"
 MARTHA KATZ, Burlington, Vt.
 "Knows what she knows,
 As if she knew it not,
 What she remembers
 Seems to have forgot."
 Burlington High School
Burlington Training Class.

"Sunny"
 MARGARET J. KELLY, Witherbee, N. Y.
 "I was not born for courts or great affairs
 I pay my debts and say my prayers."
 Mineville High School

"Rufus"
 RUTH C. KENNEY, Cooperstown, N. Y.
 "Every woman stamps her value on herself."
 Plattsburgh High School
 AKΦ, Honor Student.





"Mame"

MARY E. LYON, Willshoro, N. Y.
 "If the coat fits put it on."
 Willshoro High School

"Dot"

DOROTHY M. LYONS, Valcour, N. Y.
 "Pleasure is the only end
 To which all human powers should tend."
 Plattsburgh High School
 AK4.

"Biddy"

ELIZABETH MALATSKY, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 "Nothing hinders me or daunts me."
 Glens Falls High School
Business Manager of Cardinal, Honor student.

"Fred"

FRIEDA MALATSKY, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 "Those who come late among us
 Are no less welcome."
 Glens Falls High School
Glens Falls Training Class.

"K."
 K. CLAIR McCANN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "With eloquence innate
 Her tongue was charmed."
 Chateaugay High School
 AKΦ, Chateaugay Training Class, Class
 Poem, Honor Student.

"Kat"
 KATHRYN McKILLIP, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
 "She was a mild-mannered maid."
 Saranac Lake High School
 AKΦ, Saranac Lake Training Class.

CATHERINE McQUILLAN,
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "She nothing common did or mean."
 Plattsburgh High School
 Delta Omicron, Class Historian, Honor Stu-
 dent.

"Ave"
 AVIS O. MESSICK, Clay Station, N. Y.
 "I have been a stranger in a strange land."
 Baldwinsville Academy





"Hannah Jane"

ANNA J. MILLER, Atlantic City, N. J.
 "Close am I, very close, to wedding bells."
 Atlantic City High School
*Delta Chi*on, *Glass Prophecy*, *Honor Student*.

"Boots"

ZELDA MILLER, Whitehall, N. Y.
 "The weapon that no enemy can parry
 Is a bold and cheerful spirit."
 Whitehall High School
 AKT.

"Cal"

CARL MYERS, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "His gracious presence upon earth
 Was as a fire upon a hearth."
 Plattsburgh Normal High School
Assistant Business Manager Cardinal.

"Tina"

CHRISTINE NEUNER, Port Chester, N. Y.
 "Oh I think I have a cold."
 Port Chester High School

"Fair Alice"
 ALICE PALMER, Keeseville, N. Y.
 "The kinks in her hair
 Are nothing to the kinks in her mind."
 Keeseville High School
Honor Student.

"Oble"
 MARION PARKHURST, Burlington, Vt.
 "Be not elated by fortune
 Be not depressed by adversity."
 Winooski High School
Delta Omicron, Honor Student.

"Duchess"
 STELLA PATNODE,
 Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
 "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low
 An excellent thing in woman."
 Ellenburg High School
 AKΦ.

"Reiney"
 MADELEINE D. PETTET,
 Atlantic City, N. J.
 "Don't put too fine a point on your wit
 For fear it should get blunted."
 Atlantic City High School
*Delta Omicron, Secretary of Class, Class
 Presentation, Joke Editor Cardinal, Honor
 Student.*





"Flodie"

FLORA A. PURVIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"How can a poor editor get a good grind in his book about himself?"

Bushwick High School

AKΦ, *Editor-in-Chief Cardinal, Honor Student.*

"Charlie"

CHARLES LYONS, Peru, N. Y.

"Immune from all the common vices."

Peru High School

"Bob"

KATHERINE M. ROBB, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Sh! We have a politician in our midst."

Poughkeepsie High School

AKΦ, *President Senior Class, Honor Student.*

"B."

BEATRICE M. SCRIVER, Champlain, N. Y.

"Tis the mind that makes the body rich!"

Champlain High School

Delta Chi-ian, Salutatorian.

ELSIE B. SHATTUCK, Hagne, N. Y.
 "You seem to be a student."
 Fort Edward High School
 Glens Falls Training Class, Honor Student.

"Ruthle"
 RUTH E. SIGNOR, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 "On their own merits modest men are dumb."
 Lyon Mountain High School
 Delta Clionian.

"Nan"
 ANNA C. SIMMONS, Tupper Lake Jct., N. Y.
 "For she hath such a face
 And such a mlen
 As to be loved
 Needs only to be seen."
 Holy Ghost Academy
 AKΦ.

"Rufus"
 RUTH I. SLATER, Jamestown, N. Y.
 "Ne'er shall the sun arise on such another."
 Falconer High School
 Honor Student.





"Tuck"

MILDRED A. TUCKER, Essex, N. Y.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

Essex High School

Hunter College

Delta Omicron, Honor Student.

"Trudie"

GERTRUD G. WEEKS, Watertown, N. Y.

"A maid she seems of cheerful yesterdays

And confident tomorrow."

Watertown High School

Delta Omicron.

"Abe"

ABRAHAM WOLFE, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"To labor is the lot of man below."

Plattsburgh High School

"Woodie"

HELEN K. WOODRUFF, Lewis, N. Y.

"She was a pride to all

Even to herself."

Elizabethtown High School

Delta Omicron.

Edith Coffey
Marguerite Mary Ryan
Class of 1918
Our Classmates

Oration

Social Education

In a democratic age, remarkable for its civilization, and sympathy, it is quite necessary for the schools of our country to train the child to subordinate himself to the standards of the age and to accept the views of the advanced civilization which must progress to even greater heights of perfection.

The basis of advance is the continuity of instruction, as each new generation is simply a continuation of the ones preceding, so we cannot by purely external methods and on short notice, introduce a new social order. For this reason we cannot hope to inculcate in the intellect and mind of a child a totally different idea of life. A low social standing is a natural outcome of uncontrolled animal nature, a lack of tradition and of associating with people of low standards. If one has no standards set by his associates or inherited from his ancestors, he must set them himself. He must choose his associates with a thought of their possible influence on his life and character. And above all, he must learn the secret of self-control. It is our duty as teachers to train the rising generation to the framework of the higher life of today. It is with a great deal of thought that one should approach the pupils on their relation to society.

The child's mind should be brought into harmony with the social mind in many ways. Throughout his entire training, whether in language, beliefs, knowledge, habits, virtues, standards, conscience, aims or ideals, this thought should be predominantly brought into notice; the individual is but one member of society, and his life is subject to what is beneficial or injurious to society. Children must be taught to respect public opinion, for in that way they become more careful of their actions and words; they must be brought to act in conventional ways, conform to set standards of conduct, hold a respect for power and knowledge, and possess a deep love for kin and country. They must be taught to accept traditional beliefs, not only of religion but also of the policy of government. In our country much freedom of thought is permitted, perhaps, one might say too much freedom is given. We should instil into our pupils' minds the fact that though there may be in a community a great diversity in occupation and wealth and even in opinion on small matters, it is characterized by likemindedness in important matters, beliefs, conduct, and ideals. Although in our country we do not have one church, at the base of them all is one belief. We would condemn one who offers a human being as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of some stone god. In other countries even more than in this free land of ours, is this spirit

of likemindedness prevalent. Not only is this so in religion but in all other matters of moment does a community or country agree within itself. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Perhaps our first step in doing this duty, which is in a way a precious inheritance, is to awaken in our pupils a strong desire for objects of real worth, and notable importance in life. For the reason that people will always possess a tendency to sink to their surroundings, we should strive to make these surroundings those of the greatest possible value. Teach the child this as a motto "My neighbors will do their duty and it is worth my while to do mine." This will bring into his character the desire to be a true citizen and the thought of the possibilities for a responsible position of leadership will be very likely to throw a strong influence over his life. Erudition is not education. In the schoolroom the boys learn punctuality, the value of obedience, regularity, and industry as well as pure book knowledge. In the same way the child who is taught a craft only may become a member of a class but he will not be a true citizen, because industrial education will supplement but will not supplant general education. There is but one future open to a child trained for one craft and that is the one of the day laborer or wage earner. Informational and industrial training are both very valuable elements in education, but they do not constitute all education. Social education begins at home, it is extended at school and is added to by each successive year. Sound bodies and minds are the most potent factors upon which to base our important work and then the next important item is to awaken youth to a world view, which, when obtained, will enable him to form opinions, obtain motives and shape his life policies. Too many of us are prone to accept ourselves as nearly perfect as one could well be. The American never thinks that the laborers of England and France are perhaps as intelligent as our common mechanic or wage earner. Germany's present position is due in a great measure to the fact that for many years she has believed that no other country can even compare with her in excellence of workmanship, military achievement, and men of learning. Each individual is the expression of the group life, but in the concrete. However, because no two persons have the same total environment, no two individuals are alike. Only normal people are self-controlled and because of this the abnormal are not as easy to work with for they are controlled by force alone.

The child should be taught the value of thought before action so that he may escape forming just a part of the mob mind. He should choose in a very deliberate manner his models of thought, action and sentiment. This can be done by the use of critical intelligence in a very free manner.

Children learn to a broader extent than we have any idea of from repetition and from the influence of the older members of the family. On this account we

should popularize innocent and elevating pleasure. Children as a natural thing, take account of the exceptional happening or instance instead of those things which happen every day. It is very possible that a boy or girl will get erroneous ideas from thoughtless remarks made at home by his parents. Ruskin says that education is causing people to like what they ought to like. Society has such a great influence that it can make any thing seem right and we should strive to choose to do only those things which can be accepted by society without any danger to any one individual.

The idea that self should come first in everything is one that must be eliminated from the mind of the child, if he is to become a good citizen. One should not be blinded by personal interests; for success is measured in terms of the happiness given others and not in terms of the amount of money acquired for personal use. The habitual relations of one member of society to another and the persistent forms of co-operative activity, taken collectively are called social organization, which is an expression of some mode of likemindedness in the population. Pupils should be familiar with the principal forms of social organization; with the thoughts, sympathies, purposes and virtues that make society a possibility, and with the benefits that society confers; with the conduct that worthy membership of society requires.

Although ignorance of the law excuses no one, it is the first duty of every citizen to know his obligations, for not every criminal is a court criminal. Character is not the attribute of man; it is man himself. Man's everyday life does not necessarily exclude civic duty. It has been well said that making a success of business is a mark of good citizenship.

The aim of social efficiency is to supply what nature lacks; but to prepare the young pupil for a definite future calling is a mistake because it is not to be expected in this world of change that present conditions and institutions are final. Another reason for this being a big error in the training of a child is that it would create social strata. When a child reaches the grammar school, however, he should begin his vocational training.

To awaken in the pupil a great variety of lofty interests is one of our aims as teachers. We can accomplish this through participation, giving him the position of actor instead of that of onlooker. We can discover the things which will be interesting and which will engage activity. Work which requires observation, the obtaining of information and the use of the constructive imagination will improve social conditions to the greatest possible degree.

The most important and perhaps at this time the most talked of quality to be instilled into the younger generation is thorough Americanization. Every child should have a clear and complete knowledge of what it is to be a true American.

He should possess for this wonderful country that deep love and reverence which has been so often lacking in the past. A true love for the flag and affection for all of his fellow-countrymen are qualities which may easily be impressed on the child of school age and which will make him an upright, faithful and true citizen.

So in all the work we do with our pupils, in training them in scholarship, in vocational callings, in their duties to their fellow-men and to themselves, let this be our underlying and controlling thought; "America, first, last and always."

HELEN S. BOND.



THE LIBRARY

Old Glory

"Old Glory," your stars shine so brightly
They light up the field of blue ;
"Old Glory," your bars you wave lightly,
You're for bravery and purity too!
Never once has your cause been unholy
Nor has cloud ever darkened your sky
You're the noblest best banner truly
That ever was wafted on high.
You're the emblem of freedom and happiness
Yea—more—you are life itself
You're the very symbol of blessedness
Hide—hide, tyranny, crime, and pelf.
The spirit you speak out so freely
Was spoken at Bunker Hill
Thru all the long years it flourished
Till Yorktown, and live it will!
From Yorktown, you guided to Sumpter
No matter how dark the way
You were the light to guide us
You always could carry the day.
All thru the dark days of civil strife
When brother 'gainst brother met
You, led the way for freedom's cause
You stand for righteousness yet.
"Old Glory," your lights do show us
The path that was narrow and straight
That led thru the Reconstruction
Thru storm and calm alike.
You beamed down at Santiago
You waved over Manila Bay
You have waved triumphant, peaceful
O'er Freedom's own dear way.
And Now you go to the Flemers
From there to the Rhine—Be true.
Carry your traditions so holy
To the Land of the Kaiser too.

MILDRED SEYMOUR HILL, '18.

Charge to the Juniors

As I sat here this afternoon looking into the eager faces of you Juniors, my thoughts carried me back to a scene of nine months ago, when you entered this venerable institution. On that day the Faculty and the Class of 1918 had re-assembled for another year of "sweet peace and study," when suddenly there was hurled into our midst a band of people, who had been robbed of all their initiative, animation and vitality; stripped of all originality and ingenuity, and left half dead to start on their long, hard journey through the Normal School.

Completely astonished by such an unheralded arrival, we knew not what to make of this dormant mass of humanity. But as we stood wondering what it was and from whence it came, we discovered that the orphan had been labeled; and its name was the Class of 1919, which we soon nicknamed Juniors.

The Commercial teachers, seeing the deplorable state you were in, tried to improve your wretched condition by means of hard work. But all attempts proving hopeless failures, they shook their heads and passed by on the other side.

Next the General teachers took up the task of penetrating through the ivory fortifications which guarded your living selves. They set out to accomplish their end by scolding but, after repeated attacks, discovered that they could not make even a dent in this thick armor, to say nothing of making a full formed impression. So they too passed by on the other side.

Sad indeed was thy fate, oh Juniors, had not we, the Class of 1918, been willing to play the part of the good Samaritan and give you our surest guidance and most watchful care.

Our greatest and most difficult task was to inject into your systems a little "pep" which would make you conscious of the simple, every day affairs of Normal life.

The first attempt to lift you out of the depths was made through our individual influences. We tried to teach you by the development method of letting you show us by your action that you knew what your duty was as a Junior in the Plattsburgh State Normal School. But even as one cannot get blood out of a stone, so we could not get any action from you Juniors.

There was only one alternative. We must act for you. So accordingly we had a business meeting to decide upon some definite course that would spur you on to action. We hated to do your work for you but there was no other way in which we could organize your forces, so we looked to your numbers for a

person of executive ability to become your leader. We found that person in the form of Miss Ida Mac MacDowell and chose her for your class president, with three other members to assist her. Busy as we were with the absorbing studies of our Senior year, we had taken time to perform one of your necessary duties. You accepted our aid—or at least we believe you accepted it for we never heard anything to the contrary—and you never even extended to us one word of gratitude. Do you not think it seems rather strange?

Juniors, you have no idea how we despaired of your condition. The fluttering of your hearts was so faint that we were afraid they would soon stop fluttering altogether, so we decided to give you a strong stimulant. This took the form of our Senior yells, which brought the Faculty to the scene with unconcealed looks of admiration; and the very walls of this building answered back with resounding applause. But still you Juniors slumbered on. I wonder if you heard it. Poor things! It is bad enough to be lifeless without losing your sense of hearing also.

The most natural step for us to take next was one which would appeal to your sight. But, alas, only too soon we learned that you were hopelessly color blind. For surely the most indistinct vision could plainly distinguish the magnificent array of the red, white and blue among the Seniors. Tradition tells us that you did blink a little under their dazzling light, but we have no proof of any such tale, for you remained in a passive state for quite a period afterward.

One day, however, as we were industriously pursuing our daily tasks, we heard a strange noise coming from the vicinity of the study hall. We hastened to find the cause of such weak ejaculations. How our hearts beat high with joy when we discovered that you had found a copy of one of our old songs and were trying to sing it as best you could. We were so delighted at this, the first sign of life you had evinced since you entered the Normal School, that we rushed in and with our usual spirit of enthusiasm helped to produce such a volume that the old building itself fairly shook with the spirit of the song.

From that time on Juniors, we feel that you have improved; very slowly it is true; but we have tried to take courage in our belief that all good things come slowly. And we are still looking forward for the day when you will regain your normal state of being.

Do not get the mistaken idea that we are ashamed of you. We feel that we have accomplished great work in reviving you and therefore we are proud of you. With such an excellent start, you are sure to make good progress, and we regret that we cannot remain to reap the fruits of our labor. But as the time has come when we must take upon ourselves greater responsibilities, we must go, leaving this to the tender mercy of our Faculty.

LAURA ELLENWOOD, '18.

Junior Class Song

TO THE TUNE OF "*Love's Old Sweet Song*."

Do you remember the fall of Seventeen
When we entered Normal, feeling rather green
Then we saw the Senior's playing at the game,
But it was not long before we did the same
Now with studies finished, and the tests all o'er
The first year's completed, but there's one year more.

CHORUS

Just a word ye Juniors!
Listen while we say
Farewell to the Seniors
As they leave, to-day.
We have worked together;
Seniors, Juniors, all:
Alma Mater foremost,
We've heard her call.
We've heard her call.

MARJORIE FLINT, '19.



Junior Roll Call

MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

amsden, margaret s.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
baker, rachel f.	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
hall, katherine w.	New York, N. Y.
bartholomew, luey m.	Brandon, Vt.
howe, agnes	Keeseville, N. Y.
button, ellena s.	Sharon Springs, N. Y.
cameron, ada b.	Alburgh, Vt.
colburn, percival w. m.	Morrisonville, N. Y.
comins, ethel m.	Clayton, N. Y.
coulter, eleanor l.	Cambridge, N. Y.
day, fredrika h.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
derway, ethel j.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
donnelly, helen c.	Glens Falls, N. Y.
downes, hazel w.	Mooers, N. Y.
durgan, mande d.	Pern, N. Y.
fimessey, lena	Mineville, N. Y.
flint, marjorie l.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
gadway, clarence w.	Morrisonville, N. Y.
garrent, violet r. m.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
gebo, helen m.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
giles, m. pearl	Ellenburg, N. Y.
girard, bertha c.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
gonyea, geneva r.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
gordon, mildred a.	Harkness, N. Y.
gray, alma b.	Ridgefield Park, N. J.

harvey, mary m.
hawkins, helen m.
hitz, madeline c.
holmes, mary frances
honsinger, doris c.
howes, greta i.
kaplan, julia
lewis, a. louise
locke, marjorie a.
mackenzic, florence m.
maegher, helen
martin, frederick h.
madowell, i. mac
morford, hazel c.
murray, margaret
nichols, hilda m.
nichols, weltha
provost, letitia k.
renison, margaret
rohart, charles p.
snye, florence m.
sullivan, annie m.
swinyer, rissa h.
tancubbaum, jennie e.
wallace, adeline e.
weinstein, dora
wilcott, frances j.
wilkins, frances c.

West Chazy, N. Y.
Lake Grove, L. I.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
West Chazy, N. Y.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Poultney, Vt.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Moriah, N. Y.
Upper Saranac, N. Y.
Morrisonville, N. Y.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Tarrytown, N. Y.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Peru, N. Y.
Watertown, N. Y.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Waterbury, Vt.
Bloomingdale, N. Y.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Peekskill, N. Y.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Lake Placid, N. Y.





Junior Class Officers

FREDERICK MARTIN	President
ETHEL DERWAY	Vice-President
ALMA GRAY	Secretary
MILDRED GORDAN	Treasurer

Reply to Seniors

To the Seniors of the Plattsburgh State Normal School:

Be it known to you present! That we, the Junior Class of the State Normal School, do denounce and accuse the Seniors of being undignified and triple-faced, showing one face to the faculty, a second to the Juniors, and a third to the State. They are meek and inoffensive when in the presence of their instructors, but speak of them familiarly behind their backs as "Benny," "Tommy," "Toddy," etc.

To the Juniors they are very patronizing and snobbish. Far be it from us to accuse anyone unjustly but by all the gods and half-gods, deliver us from all pupil teachers, wise in their own estimation, but otherwise in ours.

The third face which they show to the State will be very noticeable after it has given them their diplomas, and has found them incapable of teaching successfully.

But, Seniors, fortunately we have seen your triple disguise. We understand your wiles and traps to ensnare the unwary. Then, giddy Seniors, lovers of pleasure more than of study, do we here advise you while there is yet time not to continue going through life with only one aim in view, namely, that of deceit in gaining your own ends. Go no further lest the folly be manifest to all in the way. Do not continue this broad and treacherous path, but change and take the straight and narrow one which leads to the pinnacle of success. We do not say you have no good intentions but you know the road across the "River Styx" is said to have been paved with good intentions.

In order to make yourselves worthy of the sheepskin which you will receive, I ask you in behalf of all to change your course. Put your good intentions into practice and pave your road to a more desirable end.

Seniors, pardon me for the expression; but you are no good. We are convinced of that when we look back over your Senior year. Your good characteristics are as scattered as the gray hairs in a young man's head. Your undignified manners can be seen almost anywhere you are. We hope at least you won't forget yourselves today.

Can you remember how childish you acted when we wore our colors? Eighty-one Seniors trying to force us to give up our colors. When you couldn't force them from us you sneaked around in the desks to find our song. Still feeling defeated, you made a grand rush as we came out of shorthand. There, in the struggle, ink was spilled and one of those womanly Seniors, as they profess themselves to be, ran to tell Mr. Shallies.

Seniors are brave. One of them dethroned Apollo, then they had to rely upon our financial help to pay for it.

Your weakness to teach is very plain. Why, what do you think of a pupil teacher who goes among the Juniors and begs them not to ask questions?

If you, Seniors, only knew what success means, you would never give a Regents' paper in bookkeeping and tell the class to do it in the rest of the period—five minutes. You would not have to stammer while trying to explain a "Profit and Loss Statement" if you were prepared to teach as your instructors assume you are.

I have seen Honorable Seniors with highly developed brains ask Juniors to help them prepare answers for Regents' papers which they had to teach that day.

They are experienced so they say but in school they act like little whining children. Their experience the night or day before was too much and they came to school limping because of a weak ankle or with a finger wrapped up so that they would not have to go to the board. Every single day there is something missing, but it varies with the student from lack of proper rest to an insufficient amount of gray matter.

The State would rejoice in two or three years from today, if you Seniors only realized your weaknesses and consented to stay under the instruction of the faculty until they saw fit to let you out. We have our fears as to when that would be. Nothing like that can happen. The State at large will have to suffer.

Nevertheless, Seniors, we are not going to send you out without at least the hope that you will wake up soon. We do wish you much success. When you are stuck as you often have been during the past year and can't see any Juniors around maybe you will realize the folly of your Senior year in the Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Again will I in behalf of the Junior Class bid you farewell, hoping that the world will not suffer a great burden by your presence in it, until the Class of '19 can rescue the unfortunate students who have been forced under your instruction just because you have won a diploma.

FREDERICK MARTIN.



1919

In Spite of it All We're Happy

Mr. Shallies with his outlines,
Dr. Henshaw with his jokes,
Mr. Sinclair always talking
Kills all joy for lots of folks.

Miss O'Brien in Reading Methods,
Miss O'Brien down in Gym,
Miss O'Brien on the rostrum,
Makes one wish she'd got a him.

Mr. Hudson with his fossils,
Mr. Thompson with his puns,
Dr. Kitchell teaching logic
Are enough to scare the Huns.

Miss Anne Carroll with her pulp maps,
And Miss Steele with every fad,
And Miss Garrity a-singing
Are enough to drive folks mad.

Some folks say that little Ingalls
Takes from life a lot of joy,
But you bet she'll have to go some
If she beats that Miss Malloy.

All these Kill Joys are at Normal
Where poor innocents must dwell
If there ever was a worse place
I'm sure it must be —— (I can't imagine it.)

Ivy Oration

It is with hearts mingled with honor and regret that we gather here to perform the last ceremony which we as undergraduates shall ever perform.

To us has been given the keeping of a thousand memories, a thousand little pictures of Normal School days—and now what could be a more fitting picture, than the planting of this ivy; what could be more indicative of our lofty ambitions, our high ideals?

By encouragement, hope and true friendship we have completed our courses of two short years; and as we fling wide the portals of our Alma Mater let us with the greatest confidence in her teachings, with deepest gratitude in our hearts for her instructors, and with fond regard for our classmates, go forth into this world of opportunity with firm decision and high idealism.

Now, as we participate in this last official rite, let us hope that the spirit of our class dwell always with us as individuals and within the walls of our Alma Mater as an incentive to exalted standards and adjustment to a world of innumerable influences.

May this ivy symbolize the hopes and aims of the class of 1918, may it take firm root and climb to its greatest height, may it glory in its luxuriant foliage and its message of hope and cheer.

FRANCES ELIZABETH FINN.

Senior Class Song

(TUNE OF "*The Long, Long Trail*")

Work and lessons now are over,
Study time is done.
Now the time has come for parting
A new life has begun.
Broad the future is,—and waiting
We'll cross its threshold o'er
Working faithfully and bravely,
As we have in days of yore.

CHORUS

To the class of 1918
And to our Red, White and Blue
Will our thought and hearts turn backward
Mem'ries kind and true
To be always strong and worthy
In duty's call—wherever to,
And our highest aims be realized
In all things we may do.

Friendships formed at P. S. N. S.
Always will stay true
Fun and frolic in our mem'ries
Keep its brightest hue
Tho' we may be scattered widely
Far from friends so dear—
Still our hearts are bound together
Thru each coming year.

CHORUS

To the class of 1918
And to our Red, White and Blue
Will our thoughts and hearts turn backward
Mem'ries kind and true
To be always strong and worthy
In duty's call—wherever to,
And our highest aims be realized
In all things we may do.

RUTH E. BUCK, '18.

Page fifty-eight

The Normal Club

Normal Club! "Normal Club, humph! A society with a name and that is all." But, if you were a real live member you would take another view. Since you were not on our membership list you couldn't go to our meetings, our picnics, our suppers, our dances, our candy-pulls and many other social activities that we have enjoyed.

However, we haven't been mere social butterflies. We have done considerable Red Cross Work. We have made and donated a large number of comfort kits for "Our Boys, Over There" who are so bravely fighting and dying for this grand country of ours. We have had "snipping parties" and "knitting parties" and we can only say that we have done our best in the best way we knew how to do it.

Our club was organized last September, when school opened. We have about sixty girls on our roll-call and we are only sorry that we do not have more. We are one of the largest clubs in the local branch of the Women's National Board of War Work, known in Plattsburgh as the Young Women's League. We have a fine large club house at 20 Broad Street. It is in this house that we have our good times. There is a large fireplace there, a victrola, two pianos, a fine dance floor, big easy chairs, and last of all a gas range in the kitchen that we can use any time we desire. You may be sure that we make use of everyone of these.

Our dues are only one dollar per year, payable quarterly, so everyone has more than ample return for her money, in the good times that she may have in this club. We have business meetings twice a month and at present our officers are, President, Miss Martha Donehue; Vice-President, Miss Ruth Gloor; Secretary, Miss Florence Karlen and Treasurer, Miss Helen Donnelly. We try to have a supper once a month which we serve for ten or fifteen cents apiece and from the large numbers that always attended these we are sure they were very much enjoyed.

Our club has striven for high ideals and its chief aim is to bring the girls together in a bond of friendship, human sympathy and patriotism for our country.

We are sorry to leave the club and we shall always remember the good times we have had while a member there, and so with the best of wishes for its future success we shall close with the words of our song, which we hope will go ringing through the ages:

Would you find a friendly hand?
Would you join a happy band?
Be a Normalite and stand for right.
We are jolly, we are jolly
Though we wander far away
The memories of our old club days
Will grow brighter day by day.



Clonian History

Should and acquaintance be forgot
As on our way we go?
Should and acquaintance be forgot
And days in dear Clio?

Days in dear Clio! Fainter and fainter grows that sweet strain as time floats by us. But Girls! We can never forget those days!

As I sit here thinking of our past two years together, the memory of a thousand good times comes thronging about me. I can see those first few days of life at the Normal, with a crowd of jolly seniors, who, it was whispered about, were Clonians. We poor little Juniors felt terribly guilty in neglecting our lessons to go to the movies or to an exciting rush party. But how differently we feel now?

After the mysteries of those rush parties, came more mysteries, pledge day and those dainty bows of gold and white. Didn't we feel proud to be wearing those bits of ribbon. Then followed initiation. After that was over we felt we were really, truly Clonians. I can still feel those worms and crawly things, can't you?

All through the year followed many interesting literary meetings and entertainments. It was great fun to be on the refreshment committee and show our own skill at cooking those dainty refreshments.

But all good times have to end for a time at least. Our last literary meeting was looming before us. We, Clonians, with our cousins, the Agonians, spent one long-to-be-remembered evening together in a farewell party for our beloved "big" sisters. Our Senior Clios were very dear to our hearts, and we wished very hard for their success in life as we parted from them.

September came again and now we were the awe-inspiring Seniors. What fun it was to rush the little Juniors, bestowing kindness upon them and trying to make them feel at home that they might forget the many miles that separated them from Mother.

Again came pledge day, and again we were proud to see how happy our bits of gold and white made our new sisters, whom we so gladly welcomed into our fraternity.

Two spots that are perhaps more vivid than the rest are the "Junior Party" and the "Faculty Meeting." The club rooms of the Young Women's League were crowded with Mary Pickfords, Theda Baras, and Charlie Chaplins, all

assembled to amuse us at a "movie party." The afternoon of the "Faculty Meeting" we nearly went into spasms. Who would believe to look at some of our jolly "sisters" that they could be such perfect pictures of our stern faculty?

And yet our two years have not been entirely given over to pleasure. During these critical war times, we, too, have done our bit. Each week we have given our Thursday evenings to help our worthy "Red Cross." Even the proceeds of our play, "The Bewildering Miss Felicia" were given to the "Red Cross." We are very proud to say that we were able to aid Uncle Sam with our Liberty Bond too.

On and on have sped the two years, much too swiftly, until now we think of the end.

Through these happy days prevailed unceasingly our watchwords, C for cheerfulness, L for love, I for idealism and O for obedience and oneness. Sooner or later we part but, Girls, ever remember what they mean to us, days in dear Cliol

G. G. WEEKS.







Alpha Kappa Phi

Another year has taken flight on the wings of time and as we think of our school days here in dear P. S. N. S. what sweeter thoughts come to our minds than the memories of the happy days spent in dear Alpha Kappa Phi. We have enjoyed her recreations and entertainment and thoughts of her will ever be cherished by all faithful Agonians.

The very first day of school in September, 1917, we invited the shy little Juniors into our room for an informal dance and "get acquainted hour." We did our best to make them feel at home and get over their homesickness.

One afternoon a few days later we gave a large informal party in the gym to the whole school. Dancing was the main feature and all those who attended it still think of the good time they had as our guests.

Then came the busy "rush" season. We were indeed rushing the new girls "some" both inside of school and out. Many were the trips to the movies and soda fountains. Soon came the time for our annual corn-roast up the river, and who is there who does not recall the splendid time we had on this day not forgetting the wonderful "eats."

Then one evening came our Agonian reception held in the gym. Indeed this was a memorable occasion. The gym looked her best all dressed up by capable hands in colors of gold and blue and white. Many were the sighs of the Juniors as they shyly went through the receiving line of dignified Senior Agonians and members of the faculty.

Finally pledge day came around and proud were the many girls who on this morning were pledged to Alpha Kappa Phi and wore the little bows of gold and blue and white betokening their pledge.

With pledge day, ended our rush season and for a time outside of regular and joint literary meetings we quietly worked together in the interest of our AKΦ.

As the great world war has had its effects on all activities so has it affected us for on any Thursday evening you can see Agonian girls and Clonian girls working industriously on bandages and other equally useful work at the Red Cross rooms doing our bit for our country.

With the opening of the new term rush activities were again commenced as in the fall term but not quite so strenuously. And again on pledge day many girls proudly wore our colors signifying their pledge to AKΦ.

Among the many interesting literary meetings which we held, one was of special interest as it was so characteristic of the present day thought. About half the girls came dressed as Red Cross nurses and the rest came dressed as

soldiers. During a patriotic program a playlet entitled "A Plattsburgh Girl in the Fall of 1918." The playlet was of great interest to all as it was so typical of what has occurred and what will occur in Plattsburgh this coming fall.

Perhaps one of the most dreaded events in the life of any sorority girl is initiation. One morning mysterious looking letters were found on the desks of the Junior Agonians summoning them to appear before their Senior sisters for initiation. Many were the fears that possessed these victims until that awful event was past. However, as "our worst troubles are those which never come" these girls found that initiation wasn't so bad after all.

And now our year draws to its close and we hope for dear Alpha Kappa Phi a future even more bright and prosperous than her past. May her followers wherever they may go always cherish her memory and strive ever to attain those ideals for which she stands, and may they ever say:

"Altho there are other Normals
And other clubs 'tis true
That as every frat is loyal
To its own peculiar hue;
So we claim for our proud colors
To float high and true and bright,
And to wave above as ever,
The famed Gold and Blue and White."

MARTHA E. DONEHUE.





Salutatory

Teachers, Fellow Students, Friends:

This day is for us, another milestone on the highway of life and by your presence here you manifest your interest in our progress.

The past two years we have spent in an earnest endeavor to fit ourselves for the work we have chosen. It has not been all play but, as we glance backward, memory overlooks the clouds and sees only the pleasanter aspects of our life here.

From our Normal life we step forth into an age of opportunity more wonderful than has ever been known before in the history of the world. On every hand is a chance for service. True, we cannot all go to France and serve on the actual battlefield but there are a thousand and one places at home where we are wanted and where our Country needs men and women who will work untiringly and unselfishly. Upon us, as teachers, devolves the responsibility of moulding the characters of future America. What type of character will we make it?

As we go confidently out and each takes his place in the great scheme of life may we put into practice the best principles we have here learned and with a firm purpose strive to make our lives count for the best, expressing ever the highest ideals which are essentially American ideals.

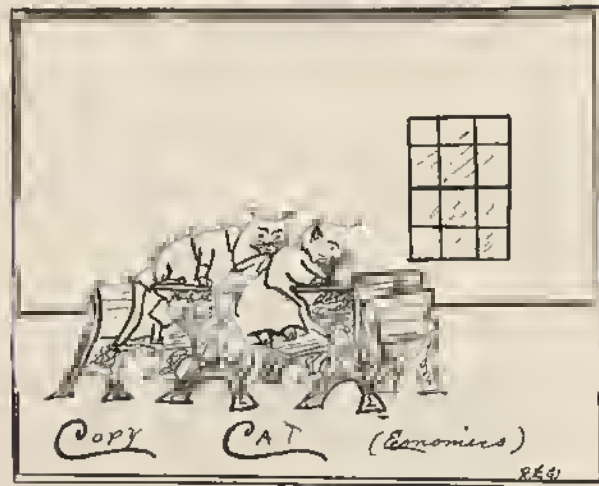
In behalf of the Class of 1918, let me extend to you a hearty welcome.

BEATRICE M. SCRIVER.

Our Alphabet

A—stands for Alice and Agnes so bright
And also for Avis and Anna so slight.
B—stands for Beatrice and she stands alone
Who never has heard her melodious tones?
C—is for Clara, Carl, Charles and Christine
And in this small group our two boys are seen.
D—is for Dorothies in other word “Dots”
Can you stop them from talking? I think you cannot.
E—is for Esther and Elizabeths four
But don’t forget please our big Eleanor.
F—is for Frances, Florence, Frieda and Flo
Who is there can say they are too slow?
G—is for Gertrude and Genevieve so meek
H—is for Helen a name that sounds sweet.
I—is for Irene who orders about
And also for Ida who never goes out.
J—is for June the “meek” little lass
And also for Jnniors that illustrious class.
K—is for Katherines, of whom we have many
When looking for teachers you might take any.
L—is for Lucille and Laura so sweet
Whose verses of poetry you surely will meet.
M—is for many bright girls in our class.
I’ll put in their names from the first to the last.
There’s Marion and Martha and Marie and Mae.
There’s Mary and Margaret, and Madeleine gay
There’s Mabel and Mildred and Mila so bright
And now I think you have them all right.
N—is for Normal and “knowledge” gained here
May we never forget the things of this year.
O—is for Olga the only one we find
P—is for Plattsburgh, a city so fine
Q—is for “quizzes” both in Psy and in Ed
Which rack the few brains we have in our head.
R—is for Ruths of which we have several
And also for Rostrum which makes us all tremble.

S—is for Stella and also for songs
 For which we all know that the Faculty longs.
 T—is for teachers so tried and so true
 And also for tears when they make us Boo-hoo!
 U—is for US the class of '18.
 I'm sure that another such ne'er will be seen.
 V—is for Victoria whose middle name is P——
 Who can guess what it means is smarter than we.
 W—is for work which we accomplished here.
 X—is for Xams which we all fear.
 Y—is for our yesterdays which never will return
 And also for past years, for which we all yearn.
 Z—is for Zelda so cheerful and kind
 Tho she comes last in the alphabet
 She's not last in our minds.
 And now we have ended our story so true
 And yon see that our names, though of various hue
 All fit in together like books in a set
 And make what we call our "Class Alphabet."



COPY CAT

Senior: I wish I could get one of those Juniors to plant in my garden. I do want something green.

The latest reports from Washington are that we are to eat no more cereal on our sugar.—Miss Steele.



THE FOUNTAIN

Last Will and Testament

Nineteen eighteen, about to die, salutes you! According to custom, it is at the behest of my noble client, nineteen eighteen, that you are called up to hear her will and receive her gifts.

A consultation of doctors was called together and they have decreed that on Friday, June 21st, she, the class of nineteen eighteen, must die.

My client wishes me to state that, owing to a lightness in the head, caused by its gradual swelling during the last two years, and a heaviness in the heart, caused by thoughts of parting and over-feasting, respectively, she may have been mistaken in her inventory, but such as she thinks she has she gives to you, praying that you may not believe that it is only because she cannot keep her goods that she is generous.

We, the Class of 1918, of the State Normal School, City of Plattsburgh, County of Clinton and State of New York, being of sound mind and memory, do make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, that is to say:

After all our lawful debts are paid and discharged, we give, devise and bequeath our property after the following manner:

First: To the Faculty of this institution, in general, we bequeath a prolonged series of peaceful nights wherein to rest from our torments.

Second: To the Juniors as a whole, we give our exceedingly great ability and dignity which they may always cherish as a remembrance of this graduating class.

Third: To the coming brilliant lights we grant the necessary privilege of occupying the front seats in Chapel. (May you enjoy them as much as we have.)

Fourth: We grant you the use of the gymnasium for social affairs as long as coal shall last.

Fifth: We do give you the right to freely make manifest all the class spirit there is in you (should there prove to be some) as well as the exclusive right to sing your own class song and elect your own class officers.

Sixth: And we do hereby individually and severally bequeath according to his or her merits:

To Miss Mildred Gordon, we leave something exciting that she may be startled at least once.

To Miss Helen Donnelly, we give a cross look as she never seems to have one.

To Miss Lena Finnessey, we demise a pair of stilts to wear in crowds in order that she may not be overlooked.

To Miss Bertha Girard, we leave one grand ambition.

To Mr. Charles Robart, the matinee and theatre idol, we do bequeath a vanity box.

To Miss Mac MacDowell, we give a gas meter that she may have some means of knowing when to cease her effusions.

To Miss Violet Garrant, we leave the right to wear all the hair ribbons she desires provided they be of a "merry hue."

To the Misses Wallace, McKenzie and Murray we bequeath a case of "Save the Baby" as we understand they enjoy so much poor health.

To Miss Helen Hawkins, we leave a pamphlet entitled "The Care of the Inhuman Voice."

To any one who wants it, we leave Catherine McQuillan's crush on Mr. Benjamin Sinclair.

To Miss Dora Weinstein, we leave some of Miss Alice Palmer's admirers.

To Miss Alma Gray, we bequeath that large hole in the hall carpet where Miss Parkhurst has been accustomed to hold her periodic conferences with Dr. Kitchell.

To those who make history maps next year, we regretfully leave our ink stained clothes that they may save their own.

To Miss Margaret Murray, we grant a ball of sheep twine to hang her medal on lest it again slip from her clasp.

To Miss Doris Honsinger, we give some slight attraction to keep her in Plattsburgh next year—a D. & H. hold-up if necessary.

To the Misses Comins and Lewis, we grant the right to move from their boarding houses whenever they find a germ—scarlet or otherwise.

To Miss Margaret Renison, we bequeath something ticklish to make her smile.

To the Misses Wilkins and Ball, who still have faith in their men, we grant the right to love them—"Moore" and "Les."

To Percival William Mead Colburn, we give a copy of "Paradise Lost" to console him in his great sorrow, unless he gets her back.

To Miss Genevieve Gonyea, we leave some of Miss Beatrice Scriver's avoirdupois.

To Miss Lucy Bartholomew, we leave the championship in the world's athletics.

To Miss Agnes Bowe, we bequeath a front seat in Mr. Correll's classes as long as she can refrain from blushing.

To Miss Margaret Amsden, we give something to wash that worried expression from her face.

To Miss Jennie Tannenbaum, we give a lock and key to keep her medals under.

To the Misses Derway and Button, we leave a tray that they may not drop their courses any more.

To Mr. Clarence Gadway, we leave a seat near the girls.

To Miss Marjorie Flint, we bequeath a big reproof. (We hear you never do anything to warrant one, Marjorie.)

To the Misses Snye and Wilcott, we grant the exclusive right to whistle in order that people may know they are coming.

To Miss Marjorie Locke, we bequeath the permission of the graduating class to continue her Wednesday evening appointments which we know she is prone to have.

To Miss Adeline Wallace, we bequeath the right to rid herself of the habit of asking so many questions in class.

To Miss Hilda Nichols, we bequeath a big white (buck).

To Dr. Henshaw, we grant someone who shall appreciate his jokes.

To Miss Ingalls, we leave the right to employ new waitresses next year.

To Miss Carroll, we grant the right to "sarcasticize" all her classes.

To Miss Alice O'Brien, we bequeath an iron rule for the rostrum.

To Miss Malloy, we bequeath three bottles of "Soothing Syrup for Sarcasm."

To Mr. Thompson, we leave a klaxon for classroom use.

To Mr. Shallies, we give a megaphone to help him in assembling "those unruly girls" for their classes.

Lastly, we do bequeath to the Faculty and all the students our Class gift given jointly this year by the Junior and Senior Classes.

May the passing hours, which its dial shall record for them, be as happy as ours have been.

To the Faculty, we leave our lasting appreciation of their thoughtfulness and patience, in dealing with us. May we be able to show them by our future work to how much higher a plane they have raised our ideals and aims in life.

Furthermore, we hereby appoint Dr. Geo. K. Hawkins, Principal of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, executor of this our last Will and Testament hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned have hereunto subscribed our names this twentieth day of June in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred Eighteen.

CLASS OF NINETEEN EIGHTEEN, *Testator*.

Witnesses { NORM AL. CLOCK,
J. A. NITOR.

Per Eleanor S. Johnson.

((With an apology to "The Old Oaken Bucket").

To P. S. N. S., '18

I

How dear to our hearts are the scenes in the classrooms,
Where teachers tried bravely to make us give ear,
The desks and the benches, the blackboards around them,
The rapt inattention we gave there, I fear,
The water pipes and the cold that ever came from them,
The desks where professors expounded th rule,
The clock which we looked at with eyes full of longing,
And e'en the dear bell that released us from school.

CHORUS

There's Florence and Margaret,
And Helen and Esther,
Both Gertrude and Marion,
Madeline and Anne.

II

How sad were our hearts when Psychology we finished,
How great was our joy when History of Ed came in line,
And Algebra also, I'm sure it did phase us,
While Logic and Economy we sure thought were fine.
Dear me how the periods lengthened each moment,
When we wished to go to the movies that day,
But now we are Seniors, we won't make a comment,
Except that we're sorry to go on our way.

CHORUS

There's Dorothy and Frances,
Both Marie and Martha,
There's Katherine and Beatrice
And Eleanor and Ruth.

III

Come comrades and join us and sing a farewell song,
To dear P. S. N. S. we all love so well,
We hope that we'll see you some time in the future,
And run up those stairs at the sound of the bell.
Both teachers and pupils we hope you will miss us
Although we feel sure that our place will be filled,
By incoming Juniors and freshly made Seniors,
Who were very much by our dignity thrilled.

CHORUS

There's Betty and Mila,
Victoria and Christine
And all of the others
Of the class June '18.



CUMBERLAND HEAD

A True Story

Once upon a time in the little town of *Ellenwood* there lived a beautiful maiden named *Tracy*. One day she thought she would take a walk up the *Hill*. The grass was *Dewey* and the *Brook(s)* was running merrily. She stopped from time to time to moisten her *Palu(er)* which was covered with *Byrnes*. At the side of the road was a cemetery in which many *Graves* were to be seen.

As she went on she met many tame animals such as *Lyons*, a *Wolf(e)*, a *Buck*, and several *Katz*, but she was not afraid of them. Up in the *Hawthorne* tree she heard a *Martin* singing, and finally toward the top of the *Hill* she met her lover *Gregory*. He was a *Goodman* and *Gavin* to all her wishes. When he met her he *Pettlet* her and she said:

"Where are you going with that wheel*Barrow(s)*?"

"I was all out of flour and I thought I'd go up to the *Millers* and *Robb* him so my *Baker* can *Beckwith* it" he said, "Store bread makes *Messik*."

"*Gloor(y)*" she said, "but this is a *Ca(r)mody*."

Then looking down on the road he saw that she was stuck in the *Meyer(s)* so he put her in his wheel*Barrow(s)* and *Tucker* home.

The *Butler* who opened the door *Haller(ed)*:

But they went into the house and drew the *Curtin*, and seated on the lounge he said:

"*Golley* this is *Fiun(e)* after selling *Liberty Bonds* for *Weeks*."

Class Yells

Ma-bee! Ha-hy! Ma-ho!
Rum-stick-a! Bum-stick-a!
Nit-cat! Ninny-cat! So fat! Mo-ran!
Hobbi-gobbi, rick-a-racker!
Hobbi-gobbi, fire-cracker!
Johnny boy the bazoo!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hink-to-min-i-cus, Swan-a-to-bunk!
Ta-boom! Ta-lay! Ta-Whee-hoo!

Who are we, Well I guess
Seniors! Seniors!
Yes! Yes! Yes!



Frances Abrahamson—A "Pardon" from the class for getting away with the murder of subjects, pulling of high marks, unlawful retention of drags, and for all her inrightedness in general during the past two years.

Esther Cagwin—Powder that will entirely conceal blushes.

Marion Golley—A "leader" to put on Esther so she won't get away from her.

Madeline Butler—A lantern to carry to see her way to school in the morning.

Charlie Lyons—A "Bob" sleigh.

Catherine Robb—Just a little "Lyon."

Agnes Foley—A copyright to write a book of 250 volumes entitled, "My In-exhaustive knowledge as a Result of my Teaching Experience."

Esther Brooks }
Elizabeth Graves }—"Hay" to remind them of "Back on the Farm."

Ruth Slater—A drill for boring the class with foolish questions.

Marion Parkhurst—"Dynamite" to give her a fast start in the world.

Mila Hinds—A padlock to put on her heart.

Alice Palmer }
Peggy Hogan }—Some famous liquid to put on their heads to remove bumps.

Catherine McQuillan—A little "Ben."

Christine Neuner—A book on fairy tales to amuse her.

Donchue Twins—Pacifiers.

Frances Frazier }
Helen Meagher }—Calendars with "Tuesdays" marked to remind them of "Frat" meetings they did not attend.

Catherine Haller—A diploma to teach Economics anywhere in U. S. or elsewhere unanimously given her by the Class of 1918.

Margaret D'Arcy—An "Apostrophe" to show people so they will not forget to put it in her name.

Clara Barrows }
 Ruth Gloor } —Maps of Plattsburgh to locate the Q. T. places when out
 Margaret Kelly } with the Q. M.'s.
 Ida Anshelewitz }
 Eleanor Johnson } —Contracts for life positions to pose for the "Longitis Com-
 Marie Austin } pany" representing "Before and After Taking."
 June Davis—Sarah Bernhardt's resignation from the stage in her favor.
 Gertrude Weeks—A tape measure to measure her face with so it doesn't get too
 long.
 Elizabeth Malatsky—A pair of shoes to replace those she wore out getting adds.
 Betty Baker—A Red, White and Blue rookie band. A memento from the train-
 ing camp.
 Gertrude Dundas—A cradle to remind her of what she robbed.
 Dot Hawthorne—A bottle of glue to keep her in her seat during examinations.
 Laura Ellenwood—A torch to set the world aflame with her literary achievements.
 Helen Bond—An anchor to keep her from blowing off the coral reef next year.
 Mildred Hill—A medal for never being "TARDY."
 Victoria Dougan—A special from Keeseville to remind her of Sunday mornings.
 Zelka Miller }
 Lucille Coniff } —Toys to take with them the next time they go to a party
 Catherine McKillup } to entertain their "men" with.
 Ruth Buck—A bottle of "camouflage" to pour over herself when she sees the
 faculty at night.
 Genevive Gregory—A hair curler. (You can't fool us, Gen.)
 Anna Miller—"Room Wanted" sign as a reminder of her frequent evolutions
 around Plattsburgh.
 Helen Woodruff—A cow because she loves her Moo-So.
 Irene Byrnes—An appointment as "Head Critic" at the Normal School.
 Beatrice Scriver—"Soft Soap." Just a little that was left that she didn't use on
 the faculty this year.
 Ruth Signor—A book entitled "Giggle and Grow Fat."
 Dot Lyons. A baton. (Lest you forget, Dot.)

A General View of Normal More or Less

When we entered Plattsburgh Normal,
We were stiff and rather formal,
While our brains one could not find.
But we've studied and we've worked,
Almost never bluffed or shirked,
Until now each has a mind—
More or less.

Upstairs in the lecture room,
There we studied sun and moon,
Learned about the bugs and flies ;
How the stars that seem to fall
Really are not stars at all,
Shooting through our skies—
More or less.

Then again we climbed those stairs
To Geography, in pairs,
With each quivering hair on end.
When to answer 'twas one's turn,
Something she had failed to learn
Up one's back did shivers send—
More or less.

In Psychology and Ed.,
Study nearly killed us, dead
And those ancient men,
How we loved the merry jests !
But those awful daily tests,—
Marked from zero up to ten !
More or less.

Miss O'Brien down in gym,
Gave us stunts that made us slim.
 "Hurry girls, you're late!"
We to cooking and to sewing
Always went with faces glowing,
 Made one apron and a cake—
 More or less.

In Music we were filled with dread.
Those syllables would leave one's head
 On notice more than brief.
However in the second year,
Miss Garrity inspired less fear,
 And music class brought sweet relief—
 More or less.

In Drawing class, with fairy tread
Miss Andrews, thinking, cocked her head
 And sought to find the proper tho't.
But Dr. Kitchell's classes all
Displayed our bent to work or bawl
 And logical the tho't we sought—
 More or less.

In History, while the big words poured,
We in the rear seats sat and snored,
 Enjoying peaceful, happy rest.
We needed these refreshing naps
To give us strength for endless maps.
 "Read forty pages for that test,"—
 More or less.

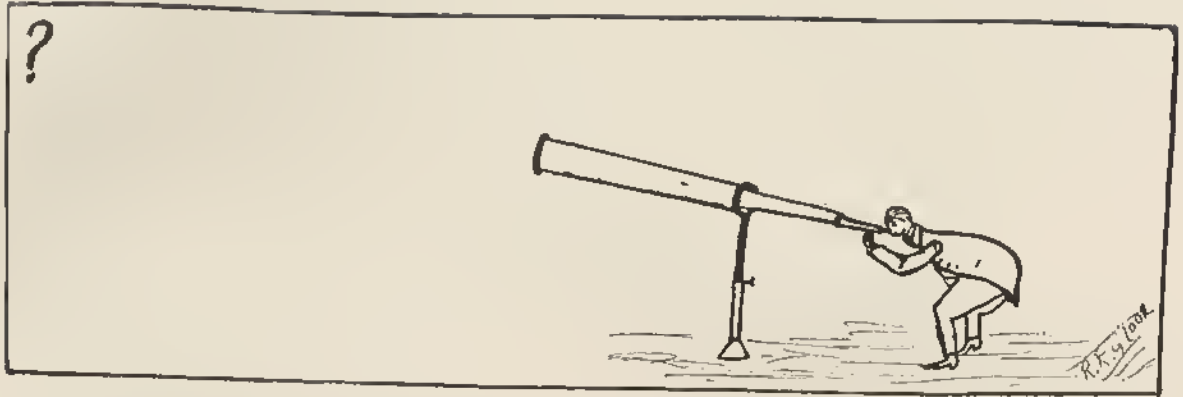
With Mr. Shallies sundry topics we discussed,
Reciting poems grew quite fussed,
 Sometimes forgot a line or so.
When there was nothing else to do
We listened to a book review,
 To teach us things one ought to know—
 More or less.

Heads up! Feet on the floor!
One, two—one two, three, four!
Push, pull! That's Penmanship.
In Manual Training we did our parts.
Oh, how we loved the pasty arts!
Our clothes were soiled—"Don't let that slip"—
More or less.

Downstairs in the Grades we shook,
Gave each text a lingering look,
Ere the fated call.
If the pupils asked us questions;
Heeded not our crude suggestions,
Flew our tho't's beyond recall—
More or less.

Well, our Normal life is over!
Tho' not spent on beds of clover,
We cannot complain.
Teachers sympathetic, kind,
Made our clouds seem silver lined,
Tempering with joy our pain—
More or less.

B. M. S.



Class Prophecy

Plattsburgh! Plattsburgh! All off for Plattsburgh!

Well, here I am at Plattsburgh again! It's the same old place. There's Mr. Finnegan still in the ticket office. My! I'm dusty! I must get my shoes shined. But where'll I go? It's twenty years since I've been here. I used to get my shoes shined at Eli's then. I wonder if he's still in the business. I'll walk around and see. My! How familiar everything is! Here's Cady's corner, and Jacques not the least bit changed, and across the street is Hitchcock's. I guess I'll walk up Clinton Street. Byrnes' Shoe Store is still in the same place. Why! There's Irene. I must see her. But I guess I'll wait until I get my shoes shined. I wouldn't dare go in there with dusty shoes. Oh! I see Mr. Atwood is still running the Clinton. I wonder what the feature is. Well—of all things; Madge Butler and Charlemagne Lyons starring in a million dollar production, "The Daring Race of Death." So they've entered the movie game. I always knew Madeline Butler was built for speed and daring things, but Charlie Lyons! Gracious! I should think he would have selected teaching in a Girls' Seminary. But in the words of the poet, "You never can tell." Why I can see Eli's from here. It's quite a big place. He must be in business with someone else. Sure enough. There are two names on the window. Let me see what they are. Eli Sweenor and El(i) Johnson! Well, I declare! It's a good thing El Johnson did go into business with him because the Eli Johnson place up at Poland's boarding house always spoiled Eli Sweenor's trade.

"Mornin'; Miss. Step right to the rear. Be right with ye in a minute, Miss. Kind of warm, today, Miss."

Same Eli. Same talk.

"Where's your partner, Eli Johnson?"

"Right there, Miss; shining that young woman's shoes, Miss."

"Eli—Why I wouldn't know you. Those aren't the same white hands you had years ago."

"Why Anne Miller, what are you doing here? It's twenty years since I've seen you. Wait, I can't shake hands with you 'till I wash up a bit. Want your shoes shined?"

"Yes, that's what I came in here for. Mu! I'm glad I found you. Do you ever come across any of the girls? I'm so glad to see you, Eli, and you seem perfectly happy in this shoe-shining business."

"I like it pretty well."

"Yes, Miss, I'm glad to have Miss Johnson. She certainly brings the trade she once took away."

"Well, Anne, step up here if you want your shoes shined. What are you doing now, anyway?"

"I'm traveling. Representing the G. G. G."

"What's the G. G. G.?"

"Why don't you know? I thought everybody knew the Grim Gregg Grinds. It's quite a famous institution now, a national affair you know, and Elizabeth Malatsky, you remember her, don't you? Well, she's Grand President, and she sits in state in a grand big office in Washington. Just think, Eli, this institution is a result of the G. G. G. club that was started in our Senior year at Normal. But tell me, do you ever see any of the girls?"

"Yes, everybody who visits here always stops in, and the people who are working here come in often. You know the cry used to be 'Go to Eli's'—now it is, 'Go to Elis'.' Why Marion Golley comes in nearly every day after work."

"Marion Golley—working here?"

"Well, I should say so. She got so familiar with the authorities during initiation week, when she had to collect the mail for the Senior girls, that they offered her a position as postmistress. She gave my name as reference, and I vouched for her, because she was always regular in collecting my letters. And you know, Esther couldn't leave her. So Marion got Esther Cagwin a position as mail carrier along this route. She's really taken to dressmaking; but Marion insisted that she work with her among the postal authorities. Have you been up to the Normal, yet?"

"No. This is my first stop. Any changes?"

"Changes!—Well not so much on the outside, only the campus does look lots better since the sun dial was set up. But there are quite a number of changes

on the inside. Dot Lyons has charge of the Music Department, and Miss D'Arcy is, generally speaking, teaching Economics with reasonably certain success. The Commercial Department is in the hands of Miss Dot Hawthorne, and I have heard it said that Mr. Correll finds her an excellent head to work under. And Bee Scriver is janitress, and do you know, Anne, usually half the session is over before she gets around to heating up the building."

"You don't mean it. Well, I must say, they were wisely selected. But your roommate, El, do you ever hear from Vic?" (Dogan).

"I surely do. Every day, and a special on Sunday. She's quite famous now—a wonderful sculptress. She makes non-breakable statues. She doesn't want another catastrophe as there was in 1918, so she decided to dedicate her life to making unbreakable statues."

"That's a noble work. I see Irene is working with her father."

"Working with her father—nothing! She tried it; but she spoiled his trade. You know she's too snappy for the shoe business. She had to do something so she's taking in washings. Now she snaps the suds."

"Quite a come down for our friend Irene. Do you ever hear from Agnes Foley?"

"She doesn't do anything regularly; but on and off during our heavier business seasons, we have her drop in to help out. You know with this camp here, we are pretty busy, especially over week-ends. Colonel Abrahamson has her shoes shined regularly."

"Colonel Abrahamson?"

"Yes, Frank. She runs the camp here. Major Peg Hogan is another of our regular patrons and who else do you suppose is up at this camp? Zekla Miller, Lucille Coniff, Ida Anshelwitz, Margaret Kelly, have all received commissions in the Quartermasters' Corps, and that makes me think—Clara Barrows and Ruth Gloor are lieutenants in the Medical Corps, too."

"Gracions! Since woman got the vote—look what's happened. I surely am glad to hear about our old classmates. Do you remember, El, how often Bondie used to come in here when we were at the Normal? And Floss Karlen, too, she used to like to hear Eli say, 'Workin' ye pretty hard up the Normal, Miss?'"

"Oh yes, Eli often asks about those girls. He seems never to have forgotten them. But I haven't heard of them lately."

"Well, I can tell you about them. Bondie's had quite a time of it. You know she went out to Southampton to teach. One day, the coral reef broke off from the rest of the island and off went Southampton, Bondie, and all. She was stranded—and she took to coral diving. One day, she fell into the periscope of a submarine, and whose submarine do you suppose it was? Captain Karlen's.

Well, Floss brought her back to civilization and the two of them are now running a jitney submarine between this coral reef and the rest of Long Island."

"I can imagine those two having quite a time of it. What are those Chimes, El? One, two, three, four."

"They are the chimes of the new city hall. Mildred Hill is official time-keeper, and she manages to get the clock to strike just about five minutes after the regular hour. You ought to go up to see the new city hall. You'd find pompons Avis Messick sitting, staid, sedate, dignified, in the Judge's seat. I went up to listen to the famous trial you must have read about. Marion Fiske, the world's champion boxer, was being tried for knocking out little Mable Austin, the lightweight champion. It was quite a fight, and Miss Fiske's lawyer, Elizabeth Carmody, lost the case because she lost her temper."

"Eleanor, have you ever read the 'Step Lively' magazine? Here, look over this. You'll probably recognize our friend, Laura Ellenwood. She edits it, and this Red Cross Department here is under the personal supervision of Marion Parkhurst. You remember Marion, don't you? She has promoted the welfare of the Red Cross considerably, especially along financial lines. This is due largely to her great skill as a mathematician, and you can readily understand the reason for that. I mustn't forget to tell you this. Yesterday, while I was in Peru, I went to the big exposition they are having there. Frances Frazier has a very prominent booth there. She has taken to gardening, and she has attracted the public by her very exquisite (La) plants, which she has raised. There is also a very beautiful Japanese booth next to hers. Flo Purvis has that, and her speciality is Fayo Fans. Elizabeth Baker does all the china painting for her. Next to that is a booth over which hangs a sign—'Male escorts for parties, dances, etc.' I expected to find Mila conducting that——."

"Oh, no, Mila, if you came up Bridge and Clinton Streets, you couldn't have missed her. She's traffic cop, you know."

"Well, I never! I didn't recognize that gruff, 'Keep to the right!' as Mila's once meek voice. Mila, traffic cop—well I can't get over it. It's just as surprising as it is to know that Frances Graves is Mayor of Peru. Peru certainly has grown, hasn't it? Martha Katz is the entire city council, and Christine Neuner is one of the famous politicians of the place. Last night she held a crowd spell-bound on the corner of 6th Street, electioneering for Alice Palmer, who is running for Police Commissioner."

"So Fair Alice is running for police commissioner! She might better come up here and help Miss Gorman in her work as matron of the Old Men's Home. What are you going to do tonight? I want you to have supper with me, and then we'll go around to see the Plattsburgh Hippodrome. You'll enjoy it, because

you'll see quite a few of our classmates. June Davis' Minstrel Troupe has been the talk of the season, and you'd die laughing to see Catherine McQuillan as the only original fat woman, dancing in the side show. Carl Myers, for an additional admission price of ten cents, will entertain you with his original jokes. Do you know, Anne, those jokes haven't changed one bit since we left Normal. We'll also find Ruth Kenney, world's greatest disciplinarian, showing the public how to train children. Her Practice class is Stella Patnode, Marion Martin, Claire McCann, and Catherine Hogan. And there's another wonderful spectacle, a renowned ballet dancer, who is no other than our old friend, Helen Woodruff. Frances Finn is her town-crier, and great crowds are attracted daily to see her dance. This hippodrome is quite a place. It rivals the New York City Hippodrome. Why, there's even Katherine Rohb, taming lions. She has gotten them where they can do wonderfully intelligent tricks and she had made a fortune traveling with them. Along with these other things, it presents a series of tableaux, too. The Donehue twins are first, dressed in flowing white robes. They are symbolic of Peace. Ruth Slater represents a remarkable tableau, also. She is 'Smiles and Sunshine,' and the last of this series is Catherine Gavin, depicting, 'Jest and Jollity.' But I know what'll interest you most of all—the fortune-teller's booth; for this great person, with capabilities to read palms and tea cups is Mademoiselle Madeleine DeLeu Pettet!"

"What! Not Petsy! Last I heard from her, which was a couple of years ago, she was selling soap for the Beef, Bluey and Buhble Corporation. You know, she made Cobleskill what it is today, and after teaching there, she entered this great soap concern —."

"What—no soap?—Well, Anne, he that as it may—today she's telling people's fortunes. But we had better go. It's six now."

"Good day, Miss. Come again, Miss."

A. J. M.

Celebrities of P. S. N. S., '18

"The meeting will please come to order." This was emphasized by a rap on the table by the chairman of this gathering of notables. It was a great occasion; for it was a meeting of the celebrities of the Class of 1918.

The mist had risen from off this Isle of Ease, and disclosed an amphitheatre in which they were assembled, evidently for some important business; but that couldn't be definitely ascertained; for the chatter resembled the babbling of the tongues of a thousand monkeys.

"The meeting will please come to order." The towering form of the Class Dwarf, Eleanor Johnson, rose high above the assemblage. "We are gathered here tonight to celebrate the reunion of the honorary members of the Class of 1918. The committee has arranged for a little entertainment, which I hope you will all enjoy ———."

"Entertainment! Who wants to be bothered with an old entertainment —" interrupted Ruth Signor, elected by the Class of 1918, as the Class Crank.

"Now, we're just going to have an entertainment. I'm running this thing and you might just as well decide to stay here and listen to it." This was almost shouted by Martha Katz, Class Boss.

"Come, now, you mustn't fight. It's naughty. Nice people never scrap, and you mustn't forget you did have a bringing up." The assemblage was rather startled at the sound of this sweet, well-modulated voice. Our class saint, Miss Pettet, arose and as she did, the giggle of Madeline Bntler, 1918 Giggle, stopped quickly, and the buzz in the far corner also ceased. Catherine McQuillan, long-known Gossiper of P. S. N. S. 1918, held her audience, the Faculty's Pets, spellbound. She was relating a story of how the Class Tomboy, Avis Messick, tried flying an aeroplane over the waters surrounding the Isle of Ease.

"The idea of her trying anything like that," spoke up Dot Hawthorne, Mr. Thompson's pet. Why, even Mr. T. couldn't do that, and I won't listen to anyone's trying to do things he can't do, because ———"

"Well, I wouldn't worry about that," interrupted both Miss Dougan and Miss Ellenwood together.

"You worried enough while you were in the Normal," spoke up Miss D'Arcy, elected Shark of '18. "Many a night you've spent wondering how you'd get through your work the next day."

"And if you'd only have studied as I did," rejoined Miss Fiske, Class Grind, "you'd have saved yourself all those gray hairs."

"Study! What's the use of studying? Just look at me—didn't I bluff through beautifully? I never opened a book—and my name received honorable mention, too." It was Ruth Kenney, Class Bluffer, who disclosed this bit of information.

"I don't think there's much use in studying, either." Happy-go-lucky Agnes Foley spoke up. "If I don't get my work exactly right, I just go up after class and explain to the teachers—and I get through on that. It's an ideal condition to be so care-free!"

"Had I known, Miss Foley, that you were full of such tricks, I should have enlightened the Faculty, and suggested that your name be left off the Honor Roll," said Frank Abrahamson, very indignantly. She is Faculty Advisor, and consequently, her words would have had weight.

"That's all right, Frank; but you know how you pulled the Valedictory. Natural brilliancy—perhaps—but mostly, drag. You can't get away with anything like that here." Miss Cagwin's usual sarcasm, seasoned this speech, and it seemed to be made more emphatic by a rap on the table by the Chairman.

"It is time to begin our entertainment. If you will all take seats and remain still long enough, I will have our Lady's Man, Mr. Lyons, summon the entertainers. Please be quiet, and I hope you will be especially appreciative, as I have a little surprise for you all. We are going to have some unexpected guests among us"—Whereupon, Ruth Buck, most conceited member of the Class of '18, started fussing with her hair and powdering her nose.

"I wonder if my usual popularity 'll carry me through tonight," mused Alice Palmer. "back in 1918, I was the most popular girl."

"A very bold, undignified statement for a lady, Miss Palmer." And she looked up to find the Class Old Maid, Anne Miller, the person speaking. "You should know better than to speak about yourself like that."

"I wish you'd all listen to me. I've been still long enough. I have something I want to tell you. You'd be shocked if you knew." Of course, here was Catherine McQuillan again, but for whom, the celebrities of P. S. N. S. would never have enlightened as to each other's doings.

"Oh, please, please, tell us. I should love to know if it's the story Mamma heard at the bazaar." Mamma's Boy, Carl Myers, clapped his hands in glee, at the possibility of hearing what the Class Gossiper had to say.

"Well, it's only this. I was astonished the other day to find Miss Goodman walking down street with Charlie Lyons." Miss Goodman carried off honors as Class Flirt, back in the good old days, and at this startling bit of news, the Class Saint nearly fell off her chair, and the Old Maid wondered if that's why some people aren't altogether unfortunate.

"It's almost time you'd let us have our entertainment. I never heard such babble." Miss Cagwin's sarcasm had a good effect; for in less than a second later, an almost deathlike silence possessed the meeting room.

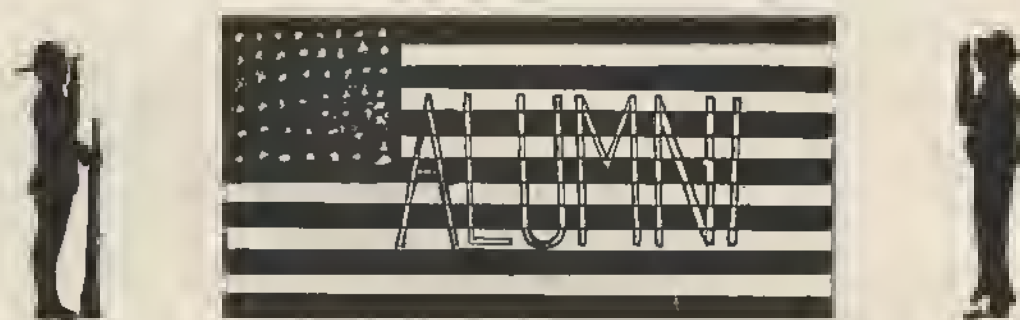
"Now, Mr. Lyons, if you'll please summon our performers," and Mr. Lyons immediately obeyed the chairman. The curtains, shutting off the other room were removed—and the spectacle that presented itself brought volumes of laughter from the throng. The Class Giant, Mable Anstin, strolled in, leaning on the arms of each of the Skinny Twins, Helen Bond and Beatrice Sriver. Behind them wobbled in the Class Fatty, Elizabeth Graves, and the laughter was almost drowned out by Madeline Butler's giggle. These performers walked the entire length of the room, bowing and smiling to their old classmates, until they reached the far left-hand corner, and there they sat down. Just then, the orchestra struck up some dance music, and in tripped Marion Parkhurst, Class Dancer. She held the audience 'most speechless by her wonderful graceful movements. Storms and storms of applause accompanied the finish of her dance, and as it died out, from the center door, the Faculty rode in on their goats, Ruth Slater and Frances Abrahamson.

There was a rustle, a noisy stirring, and in an instant, the Faculty's Pets rose and walked forward to meet them. Victoria Dongan told Miss Alice O'Brien that she was ready and willing to do anything that was wanted of her. The Misses Finn, Fiske, Frazier, Ellenwood, and Etienne, all crowded around Miss Carrol—each trying to get ahead of the other, to do any of Miss Carrol's biddings. Both sororities, scrambled around Miss Steele. They broke the news gently to her that her dishes were to be used for the refreshments that were to follow the entertainment and told her they were sure her love for the sororities would overcome any fear she might entertain for the welfare of her dishes. Dot Lyons told Miss Garrity she would gladly sing for her any time. Just then Mr. Todd said he wanted what Mr. Thompson had to say taken in shorthand, for the next publication of the Gregg Writer, and Mildred Hill volunteered to do that. She always had her tablet and pencil ready for emergencies such as these. Dr. Kitchell objected strongly for he was afraid that some of the loose pages would accidentally fall on the floor, and detract from the tidiness of the meeting room. But Miss Gorman, his pet, alleviated this fear by volunteering to pick up all scraps of paper and open the windows after the meeting adjourned. Dr. Henshaw broke the silence that followed this by one of his usual jokes, and upon the lack of response in the form of expected hilarity, Marion Martin consoled him by offering to go among the crowd and explain the point; for it was indeed too good to lose. When this was done, the roof 'most rose with the laughter that followed, and all the effort, which Mr. Sinclair put forth to gain an audience, went to naught.

There was an important announcement that he had to make, and it was very necessary that he have the undivided attention of the throng. Stella Patnode, always willing to help Mr. Sinclair, came to the rescue, by occupying the Chairman's platform and rapping on the desk—with good results. Then Mr. Shallies insisted that roll call be taken, and straightway, Miss Dundas produced the well-worn chart and when it was found that all the Honorary Members were present, refreshments were served and the meeting was adjourned.

(With Apologies.)

A. J. M., '18.



Honor Roll

In Active Service

Fay O. Allen
 Alvin M. Barton
 Francis E. Chauvin
 Hazel Darragh
 Arthur A. Earlandson
 Ivan E. Edwards
 William H. Emmons
 Elizabeth Falsey
 Charles F. Farnsworth
 Mary Gill
 Clarence T. Guthrie
 Violet Herwerth
 Genevieve Powers

In Government Employ

Allen H. Hall
 Benjamin R. Haynes
 Robert J. Hodgins
 Harold S. Lasell
 Lonis A. McKimney
 Mary Powers
 Harold A. Riggs
 Roy R. Rumpff
 Emelie Schaad
 Margaret Scharrer
 Julia Shay
 Sara Smith
 Jehiel C. Warren

Junior Class Poem

A day has come when good friends grieve,
The Seniors bid farewell
For we shall miss them when they leave
So much, we dare not tell.

The nights are falling schoolmates mine
Our "living models," weary,
But through the future comes a sign
Which looks upon them cheery.

We've seen them follow a winding path
With measured step and slow
The days have measured all they hath
As the evening sun is low.

To them a new vacation calls
With promise rich and glowing
To us they leave but vacant halls
Kind words forever sowing.

O fear not, in a world like this ;
For thou shalt know ere long.
Just how sublime a thing it is,
To strive in a mighty throng.

Farewell! Farewell, success to all
Is the wish of those left behind.
And wherever you go may nothing befall,
To erase P. N. S. from your mind.

Valedictory

To you, fellow Seniors and students, to our friends gathered here and to you, our teachers, I bring these last words:

At last we have come to this great day, a day of days, our Commencement, and we, the Class of 1918, are gathered as undergraduates for the last time. When we entered this school two short years ago, graduation seemed as a distant mountain—vague and veiled in the morning mist, but almost before we realized it this moment has come which severs us from the associations of our school days.

Today we must say farewell to those things which have made our school days precious to us—joy brought by success in our work, by a new found friend or the word of praise and the happiness of others, sorrow by failure, by the broken bond of friendship, the loss of a classmate and an opportunity unheeded. Tomorrow we can look back upon our duties and labors, so often real burdens to us—a book unopened, a lesson unlearned, a class neglected, a new rule broken; but all petty trifles, slight mistakes, the difficult problems, the moments of suspense, will seem as mere trivialities when we view them in the Land of Memory.

But let us not regard this as the end of our school days. They are only beginning. We have had but a few short years of preparation and now must go forth to enter as students in the great school of Life. So it is not good-bye that we say now—it is only farewell, and farewell in its deepest, truest sense means "God be with you."—"God be with you till we meet again."

So to you fellow Seniors I say farewell. We are linked together by ties formed by joys, sorrows, labors, failures and successes shared. Today we are gathered as a class for the last time but we must now part and tomorrow go out as individuals. Yet even then we shall always be the Class of 1918 and let us ever keep in mind that our work is not to ourselves alone, but to the honor and history of our Class.

And to you the Class of 1919 we say farewell. Next year you will be Seniors and what this school will be, will depend on you. We look to you to make it all we have failed to make it, and we know that because you have seen in us many failures and mistakes you will be the better able to avoid those mistakes yourselves.

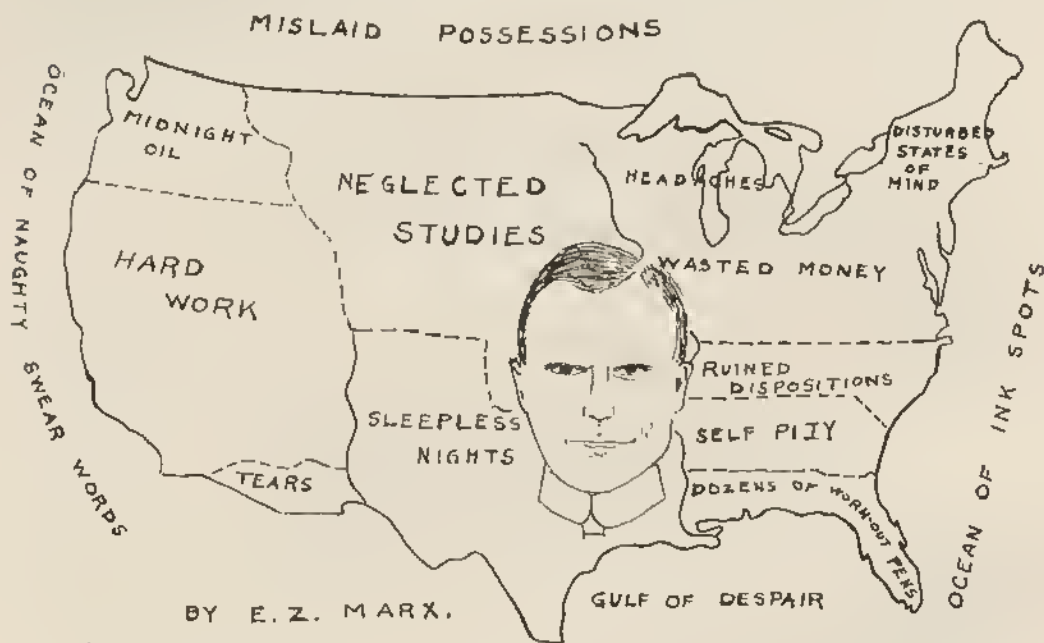
We now must say farewell to all our friends who have watched our progress in this school with such kindly interest. You have been our supporters and our allies—rejoiced with us in our successes, comforted us in our failures. We

know you are looking to us to accomplish great things and may we live up to your hopes and ideals.

And last of all we say farewell to you our teachers who have been the guides leading us to a happy culmination of our student days. We know we have often been careless and inconsiderate, and even if we have not always seemed to, we truly appreciate all your efforts in our behalf. We appreciate all the advice, reproof and praise you have given us for we know that because of them we are better prepared to meet life with its difficulties. We have learned from you lessons never found in books. You have guided us not only by your conscious efforts to impart knowledge that is found between the covers of a textbook, but by the unconscious influence of your examples. We look to you not only as teachers but as friends to whom we may turn for advice and counsel and we shall never forget your assistance and guidance, your patience enduring, your interest sincere. Your influence, strong, will remain with us forever. So to you, the Faculty of this school, the Class of 1918 bids an affectionate farewell.

Now, fellow Seniors, let us go forth with a firm resolve to do our best, to be willing to sacrifice pleasure to duty, to meet all joys and trials with equal strength and to bring new honor and glory to our Alma Mater.

FRANCES L. ABRAHAMSON.





All those who think our jokes are poor,
 Would surely change their views,
 Could they compare the ones we print,
 With those that we refuse.

THINGS WE NOTICE IN P. S. N. S.

Carl's hair cut.
 Ag. Foley's grey hairs.
 Lucille Coniff's giggle.
 E. Cagwin and M. Golley's devotion.
 Ellena Button's voice. (A little is nice El, but don't overdo the matter.)
 The intense interest shown by the faculty during the reading of orations.
 I. M. MacD's vamping.
 Frank's blushes.
 Correll's perfume.
 M. Amsden's dignity.
 B. Sriver's *peace* loving nature????
 M. Pettet's "distinguations."
 Donchue's sisterly loves.
 C. Lyons persistency to Robb.
 M. D'Arcy's silence????
 Flo's specials.
 K. Haller's love for economics.
 R. Slater's *pleasant*??? smile.
 Freddie's walk.
 Percy's neckties.
 Helen Hawkin's eyeglass ribbon.

FOR RENT—Space. Plenty of it. Upper story. Apply to Miss I. M. Mac D.

Hot air. Apply to Miss Margaret D'Arcy. (Unlimited supply) .

Melodious tones. Apply to Miss Helen Hawkins. (Easy payments).

Drags. Apply to Miss Frances Abrahamson. (All sizes and kinds).

Economics and History of Commerce Notebooks. Apply to Dorothy Hawthorne. (In good condition. Practically unused).

A Stare Way. Apply to Miss Avis Meesick.



PLATTSBURGH NORMAL

Dear Snifles:

This is the awfulest school I ever seen. We don't get no good vacations nor nawthing and when we came back to it after Christmas they slipt something new on us. You know the way it was befour we used to git up at 7.30 o'clock and it got light so we could dress and see to eat breakfas' without the light but now this new skeme we haf to git up about six and we don't see no light until we git to school.

A girl in the same house as me nearly got killed last week. She tried to brush her teeth in the dark and squeezed a tube of Ruf on Rats paist on her brush but we got her to the Champlain Valley Hospittle befour she died.

Its fierce on us girls cause lots of us that has no light cause our boarding mistresses conserves haf to go to school half made up. One morning at day-break in Algebra, Dr. Kitchel saw some powder on one of the girls faces. He spoke pretty strong against it. You know hes kind o' old fashion and I guess they din't use it in his day.

Of course, Snifles, I think we should do all in onr power to help Uncle Sam in this big war between New York State and Germany but you know I was always pretty good in figures bnt I can't figure out how we can save any coal by this new system. You see we all haf to git up erlier and fires haf to start erlier and we stay up just as late at night studying. But Mr. Thompson says we can, so it must be so.

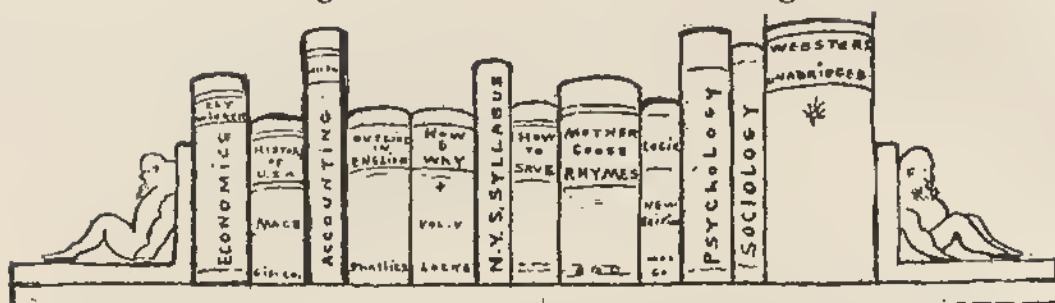
Theres one thing about this one cession as the seniors call it that we all like and its cause we can go to movies afternoon and evenin.

Well Snifles, dear, there ain't much else new only a lot are worrying about scarlet fever as its around town. But dont you worry over Snoodles canse I had it.

Yours respectively,

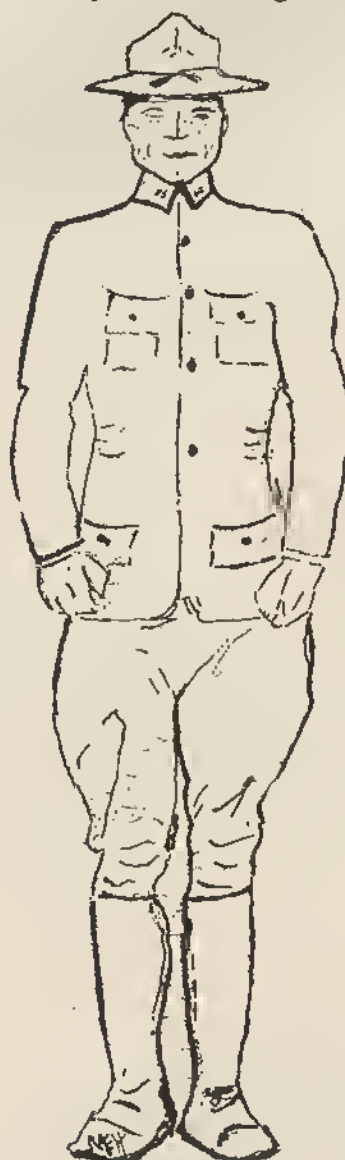
SNOODLES.

Why We Came to Plattsburgh



MEHOGAN.

Why We Stayed



ACT I—SCENE I

PLACE—CHAPEL

TIME—10.03

Rise of curtain finds Miss O'Brien, slightly impatient

Enter: Timid pupil.

Pupil: "Miss O'Brien?"

Miss O.: "Wasn't our appointment for 10.00 o'clock. It is now 10.03. I'm always prompt, why can't you be.

Pupil: "I'm sorry, shall I start?"

Miss O.: "When do you go on the rostrum?"

Pupil: "Tomorrow."

Miss O.: (Stingingly) Tomorrow! Why didn't you come before. It's Mr. Shallies fault. He never tells the students on time. It's going to be a failure and it won't be my fault."

(Student decides Mr. Shallies has broad shoulders and can stand it so says nothing.)

Miss O.: "Well go on with the essay. Remember, don't fall over Dr. Kitchell's feet."

(Pupil bows sharply.)

Miss O.: "No that won't do at all. It's too pert. Anyway you looked up too soon. Don't look up until you are ready to nod."

"Try it again. Don't look like a funeral. Look pleasant." (Imagine looking pleasant under these circumstances.)

(Pupil tries five times.)

Miss O.: "It's not very good but I can't practice the bow all morning. Now go on with the essay. Don't start to read until you are planted safely in the middle of the platform. Go on."

Pupil: "Little do we realize" ———

Miss O.: "Little Dewey who? Speak more distinctly."

Pupil: "Little do we realize" ———

Miss O.: "Oh, no, no, no, lit-tle do—we re-al-ize."

Pupil: "Lit-tle, do we re-al-ize."

Miss O.: "That's better, go on. No you better not. Go back to your seat and start all over again."

(After about twenty minutes torture of this kind.)

Miss O.: "Well it's the best I can do for you. You just won't enunciate and I can't make you. Anyway Mr. Shallies should have told you earlier."

(Again conscience bothers pupil who merely makes meek assent to all "remembers.")

ACT II—SCENE I

PLACE—ROSTRUM

TIME—NEXT DAY

Pupil stumbles over Dr. Kitchell's feet. (But then, do you blame the pupil entirely for that?) Makes pert bow. Starts reading before reaching center of platform. Knees begin to click. Hands shake. Starts about 60 miles an hour. "Lit-t-le do-we-we-we re-al-al ———"

Miss O'Brien faints.

(Quick curtain.)

Mr. Todd (to Charles Lyons at the blackboard in Shorthand Class): Now, I wouldn't do that if I were you, Mr. Lyons.

Charles: Wh—What did I do, Mr. Todd?

Mr. T.: Well I just said I wouldn't do that. The word I told you to write was huger, not as you have it, lugger.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE BLESSING

Oh, Lord, bless me and keep us alive;

Ten of us at the table and only grub for five.

Did K. love him LESS,

Or Frances love him MOORE.

Is the question that made

The both of them Sore.

It is noticeable that although Marjorie Flint seems to get along easily she has her ups and Downs (especially the latter).

ASK MR. CORRELL

Little drops of water

Frozen on the walk;

Cause the naughty adjectives

Used in Agnes' talk.

ADVICE TO JUNIORS

All things come to him who waits;

Perhaps that's true: well, let them,

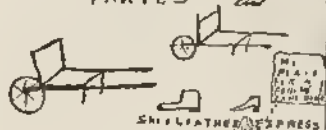
With us the only things we got

We had to go and get them.

ERIN GO BRAGH

SUGGESTION OF FACULTY FOR CONSERVATION

BEEKMAN STREET
TAXIES



DANCING MUST
STOP AT 11:30
TO CONSERVE LIGHT

日 月 星 辰
 天 地 人 物
 風 雨 雷 電

RECEIVING LINE

what?
A. 141 cr

THE WEARER of the queen.

ORCHESTRA

WHERE ARE
I MET YOU
OFFENSE?


WLY
R-1
27

1000000
 1000000
 1000000

SIT OUT A FEW
DANCES
AND SAVE SHOES

TAKE
ONLY ONE GLASS
OF PUNCH AND
ONE WAFER.

Food will
WIN
THE WAR

WAR  HOUVERESE

THERE WAS
ONE *B*
OF THOSE

M. E. HOGAN.

Famous Composers We Have Known

They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me Alice Palmer
I Love the Ladies Carl Myers
My Faith Looks Up to Thee Dot Hawthorne

(Dedicated to Mr. Thompson)

All Coons Look Alike to Me Jane Davis and Laura Ellenwood
Green Isle of Erin Catherine Gavin
Weep No More My Lady Beatrice Sriver
I'm Going Back to the Farm Esther Brooks and Elizabeth Graves
I Miss You Deary Flora Purvis
It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning Eleanor Johnson
You Go Your Way; I'll Go Mine Ruth Buck
She's a Devil in Her Own Home Town Madeline Butler
Waiting at the Church Florence Karlen
My Hula-Hula Girl Charles Lyons
My Hindoo Man Katherine Robb
Oh See the Little Lamkins Play Christine Neuner
Dance of the Little Feet Marion Golley
Globe Trotters Anna Miller and Madge Pettet
They Never Come Back Mae MacDowell
All I Want is a Cottage, Some Roses and You Marion Parkhurst

(Dedicated to Dr. Kitchell)

I'll Return Mother Darling to You Charles Robart
Some Little Bug is Going to Find You Miss Clara Steele
You'll Always be the Same Sweet Girl Ruth Slater
When You're Dancing the Old Fashioned Waltz Dr. Kitchell
Good-Bye Sweet-Heart, Good-Bye Percy Colburn
Rock of Ages Agnes Foley and Clair McCann
Sit Down You're Rocking the Boat Elizabeth Malatsky
The Sunshine of Your Smile Margaret Renison
When My Caravan Has Rested Katherine Ball
Anchored Avis Messick
Absent Junior Class

(Dedicated to their Brains)

<i>Pigeon Walk</i>	Mildred Tucker
<i>Deep Silence</i>	Margaret D'Arcy
<i>Pepper Pot</i>	Irene Byrnes
<i>Maybe a Day; Maybe a Year</i>	Mr. Sinclair
<i>Wake Up, America</i>	Margaret Dewey
<i>Speed Away; Speed Away</i>	Grim Gregg Grinds
<i>Jack and Jill</i>	Marie and Martha Donehue
<i>Female Tenor</i>	Helen Bond
<i>Wig Wag Willie</i>	Doris Honsinger

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

Mr. T. (in Com. Law): Miss Hawthorne, if you break a contract, what is it called?

Dot: Breach of promise.

Class Flower (per Miss Robb's suggestion) Dandy Lyons.

MYSTERIES

Who broke Apollo?

Who let Percy in?

Who threw ink?

Who laughs at Daddy's jokes?

Who knows anything about Economics?

Who taught at Carlisle?

Who stays awake during "Conservation" lectures?

Who goes to movies school nights?

Who stole Bondy's idea?

C What respons-ability	} Martha Katz.
To have such sens-ability	
When all your real ability	
Is known to none but you.	



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Bon-bons

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The quality biscuits
of America

Does your merchant have them?

*If not, call up most any other mer-
chant---they have got them always.*
Takoma Biscuit.

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J. L. DeLaney's

He shows a complete line.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN COMMERCIALITE

Keep your head down, Commercialite
Keep your head down, Commercialite
It was all thru the test
When your brains were such a mess
That he saw you, he saw you
You were looking for answer nine
When that teacher sailed down the line
If you want to get by
Don't keep your book up so high
And keep your head down, Commercialite.

Into the Logic Class we go,
Juniors and Seniors, row by row;
Then Dr. Kitchell a question asks
To the delight of the Seniors in the class.
They all give answers one by one
And not one right, Oh, so much fun.

QUINCE

*for Chapped Hands
and Face*

It contains no greasy substance
When applied it quickly penetrates the Skin, restores the normal moist condition, and renders the Complexion Clear and Fresh. The Gentlemen will find this an elegant preparation applied to the face after shaving.

Prepared by

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here and at the lowest-
in-the-city prices

Outer and Underwear

From the baby to the lady

The
Specialty
Shop

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15 Clinton St.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

CAN YOU GUESS WHO THESE ARE?

Now when I was —————

Scratch, Scratch.

Pick up all rubbish from the floor.

Where's your excuse card?

A-hem, that was merely a jest.

Next week we will take up fish more in de-tail.

You ain't agoin to git credit if you ain't agoin to work.

Where's that book you took last night?

Oh it's not the brain that you carry in your head

Nor the books upon your shoulder

Nor the five long days spent in work that pays

That makes you feel your job is getting nearer

And it's not the grind on your poor old mind

That makes you like a rag

Nor the nights of boncing you spend without a groaning

It's the last, long, drag.

When in Plattsburgh
stop at

The Smart Shop

*For complete and
attractive line of*

*Ready-to-Wear
Garments*

*Buy at the Smart Shop
and save money*

O'Brien & Hanlon

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fornia Fruit

also

Manufacturers of a full line of

*Fresh Candies
and*

Delicious Ice Cream

LASKARIS & CO.

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A REVIEW OF HISTORY OF "ED" •

Bondy, Dot, Madge and M. Bntler comfortably lolling on bed and conch. Anne, desirous to pound a little intellectualism into their craniums, industriously picks up History of Ed. notebook and endeavors to help the other poor unfortunates pass an exam due the next day.

(Will the editor kindly notify the public that there is an error in the above statement. M. Butler was *not* "lolling" with the others. In fact she was sitting very erect and dignified and anxiously eyeing the clock).

Ann: "Who was Comenius?"

Bondy: "Who's comin-in-to-sec-us? Oh! don't let them. My hair looks awful."

M. Butler: "Come on let's hurry. I have to be in bed by 8 o'clock."

Ann: "Hush up, all of you. Now here come the Crusaders."

Dot: "Lock the door Madge. I never liked that family, don't let them in."

Madge: "Don't worry Dot they won't be here until Saturday. You know they are noted for going on 'sweeping expeditions.'"

Ann: "What is the Renaissance and what were the causes of it?"

Bondy: "Oh, I know. I had it once. It's something like chicken-pox only I don't know the causes."

Page one hundred and nine



A Dependable Coal

The best coal in the market at all times, and mined by a Company that can be depended upon to supply their customers in war times as well as in peace times.

Dock & Coal Co.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

(Gets hit with shoe and says nothing for two consecutive seconds).

Ann: "Here comes Sturm."

Madge: "For Goodness Sake, close the window. I's scared to death of lightning."

Dot: "B-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z"

Ann: "Wake up Dot and tell me what you know about Athens."

Dot: "I can't, I promised him I wouldn't tell on him."

M. Butler: "I wish you'd hurry up, it's 7.47."

Ann: "Dot, tell me what Rousseau wrote."

Dot: "Emile on Education."

Madge: "Gee, I love to eat but I would hate a meal on education."

Ann: "Bondy, do you know Ratich?"

Bondy: "I was introduced to him once but he doesn't speak to me. I met him when he was out on his furlough once."

Ann: "What did Pestalozzi do?"

Dot: "Got me a zero on a test about him once. I'll never forgive that old Pest."

Ann: "If you girls don't be sensible, I'm going to stop. Now what was Humanism."

Ben Pitman Phonography

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instruction and practice

Written by the shorthand reporters of the National Congress, by the leading shorthand reporters in law courts thruout the land, and by an army of successful shorthand amanuenses in business and government employ.

It costs less time and effort to reach even a moderate degree of expertness by means of Benn Pitman Phonography than by any of the inferior systems of shorthand, and when you have learned it you may go to the very top.

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The Phonographic Institute Company, Publishers

CINCINNATI, OHIO

BENN PITMAN, *Founder.*

JEROME B. HOWARD, *President.*

Madge: "A society formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I think."

Dot: "No it wasn't either. It is something like Christian Science."

Ann: "Come on now, who was Socrates?"

Bondy: "Original inventor of socks. I think he was Pluto's son."

Ann: "What was the law of 1647 in Massachusetts?"

Madge: "Oh, I know. Every family of 50 or over had to start a school and in 1789 it was changed to 100."

Dot: "That's the first correct answer you've given, Madge."

Ann: "Dot, when did Scholasticism start?"

Dot: "About a year ago and now it's spreading all over my neck. I'm going to have them burnt out someday."

Ann: "Bondy, tell me about Realism."

Bondy: "I think he was the man who started schools for all the orphans who had no parents."

Ann: "Do you know about the chivalry of a Knight, Dot?"

Dot: "Do I? Well I should say so. I've shivered many a night."

M. Butler: "Well, I guess I'll go. It is 8 o'clock."

All in Chorus: "LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES. WE KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENTS FOR ONE NIGHT."

Page one hundred and eleven

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ask for*

**Hall's
Ice Cream**



MR. HOOVER

SAYS _____

Dr. H. watching Miss Johnson erase something from the back of Miss Carmody's neck. "I'd thank anyone for a little attention like that."

Without whiskers——Wilson?

With whiskers——Lincoln?

(A prize will be given for the correct answer).

A teacher in physiology asked, "Has everyone a heart?"

One hand was raised and a wee voice answered. "Everybody but a school teacher."

Page one hundred and twelve

J. W. Tuttle & Co.

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and

Novelties

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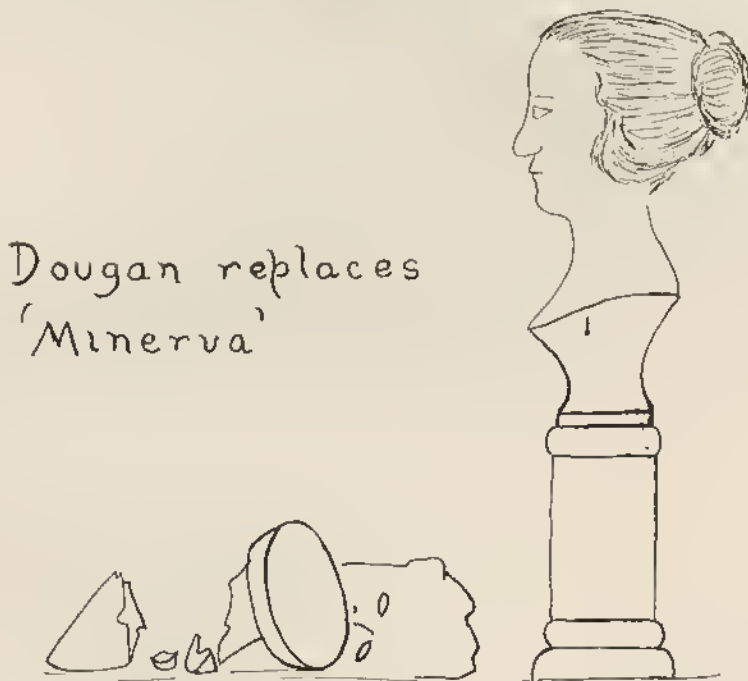
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madge, Clara Kimball Young.

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and
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P. HAYES

Optometrist

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

AN ODE TO OUR BOARDING HOUSES

When we are old and growing gray
There's one fond memory still will stay
Our Boarding Houses—so good and kind
Shall always stay right in our mind.

We'll not forget the broken lamp
The squeaky bed, the room so damp
The rocky table, the three legged chair
The broken window that let in cold air.

We'll not forget the meals we ate,
The bawlings out if we were late,
The apple pie that she would bake
And serve three weeks without a break.

Again I say—and it is true
That all thru life, whate'er we do.
We'll always see thru memory's haze
Our Boarding House in Normal Days.

Page one hundred and fourteen

Dengate & Hadley

DRY AND FANCY GOODS

WE SPECIALIZE IN

Ready-to-Wear Garments

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that are always right*

DENGATE & HADLEY

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Phone 290

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Full well they laughed
With counterfeited glee
At all his jokes
For many a jest had he.

Dr. Henshaw (delivering a speech on Roman Education): "Miss Fiske, tell me what I have just been saying."

Miss Fiske: "I can't."

Dr. H.: "That is to the point and well stated."

A Coo-coo clock has nothing on Anna Miller at the telephone.

Wanted—A book of new jokes for Madge Pettet as those of that famous DeLew family are growing stale.

R. O. T. C. NOTES

Stop! Look! Listen! Behold the old familiar tale
Made Pettet's reJOYCEing again.

Normal Cleansing Service

We have been doing the cleansing, pressing and dyeing for all students and teachers of the State Normal School for the past six years and would appreciate a trial from you,

OUR MOTTO:



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Opposite the Witherill Hotel

Members of State and National Association Dyers and Cleansers

Sidney J. Spiegel, Manager

 *We are dyeing to do your cleansing* 

QUIT KICKING JUNIORS

As a rule a man's a fool
When its hot, he wants it cool,
When its cool, he wants it hot;
Always wanting what is not.

Miss Katz: "Why didn't you ask that child to sing? I should think it would hurt him to have you slide over him."

Miss Garrity: "I didn't slide over him, Miss Katz."

Mr. Sinclair: "What is the class laughing at? Can't you let me in on the joke?"

Voice from the rear: "Hand him a mirror."

Anyone desiring to specialize in Physical Training may apply to Margaret Hogan. She teaches the side-step backwards.

This is one of Peggy's own ideas which shows her originality.

A. R. Conners

Electrical Supplies
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The *Live* *Store*

Plattsburg, N. Y.

LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

LOST:

Six pounds of avoirdupois by Helen Bond, somewhere between the first and third floors of the Normal School. (Finder may keep).

By Mr. Benjamin Sinclair—Time. Somewhere between September and June.

By Florence Karlen—I Goat. At Farm Bureau.

By Elizabeth Malatsky—1 drag. Carelessly dropped at Normal.

By Esther Cagwin—Some sarcasm. No definite place. Could have dropped anywhere.

By Gertrud Weeks—Some friends.

By Ruth Slater—I sweet disposition. (We fear it will never be found).

By Mila Hinds—Hearts. Lost between the Normal School and the Training Camp.

By Dorothy Hawthorne—One Equilibrium. Lost somewhere during economic tests.

JOHN E. JUDGE

*Attorney
and Counselor at Law*

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R. C. Wilkinson, D.D.S.

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and Counsellors at Law*

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John S. Shedden Wallace E. Pierce

FOUND:

By Agnes Foley—One place of high esteem. Found in Prof. B. Sinclair's room. Will be glad to return to rightful owner.

By Louise Lewis—Some conceit. (After having become attached, would like to retain same).

By Margaret Renison—Popularity. Will gladly return without reward.

By Lucy Bartholomew—One huge Come-down. During initiation week.

Little Miss Scriver sat at the piano,
Playing on notes so high,
She put down her thumb
And struck a note bum,
And caught the look from Miss Garrity's eye.

Brooksie had a little sneeze
It sounded high and low,
And everywhere that Brooksie went,
That sneeze was snre to go.

Sometime when you are hungry and don't know just what you want to eat, then is the time to come to Hanna's Restaurant and try our pure Ice Cream with Apple Pie. It is delicious. Just come in and try it, and I know you will be satisfied.

Hanna's Restaurant

28 Clinton St.
Plattsburg, N. Y.

Little Miss Parkhurst stood in the corner
Wearing the carpet away,
Along came the Doc
(Now prepare for the shock)
He invited Miss Parkhurst to stay.



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Wholesale and
Retail

Fruits and
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PURE OLIVE OIL

my own importation

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McGaulley's
Public Market

Home Baked Goods

A Specialty

Meats

Groceries

Fruits

*If it's good to eat
we have it*

Katherine Haller sat on the wall
Katherine Haller had a great fall
All the class notebooks written in pen
Couldn't restore her in Benny's estimation again.

How we'd like it:
Good Prof. Thompson went into his office
To get his poor class a quiz
But when he got there, he sat down in his chair,
And began to tend to some biz.

How it really is:
Good Prof. Thompson went into his office
To get his poor class a quiz
And when he came back ; he had such a stack,
That the poor class was kept awful biz.

One hundred and twenty

Hitchcock's Pharmacy

*Corner Margaret and
Clinton Streets*

Where the cars stop

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Sanborn & Bartle

*Broken
Lenses
Replaced*

*from your prescription
or from broken pieces*

SANBORN & BARTLE

*Optometrists
Opticians*

Cor. Clinton and Marion Sts.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT

M. Mac's trip from "Coast to Coast."

A. Foley's "Teaching Experience."

M. Golley's "Trip to Chicago."

Brooksie's and Beth's "Men back home."

Lucy Bartholomew's "Car." (Ford).

B. Scriver's "Fame in Northern New York!!!"

Ann Miller's "Relatives in Kentucky."

I. Byrnes, "Ability."

A. Palmer's "Brilliancy."

Dot Hawthorne's "New York City Ways."

Lanra Ellenwood's "Great Literary Ability."

Petsey Pettet's "Atlantic City and the 'Roller' chairs."

M. Bntler's "Big Home Town and the G. E. Works."

Vic Dongan's "Being a Good Sport."

Charles Robart's "Girls."

Elizabeth Malatsky's "LOVE for the Normal."

Ellena Button's "Voice."

If you haven't apply to them at once. They are more than anxious to talk about them.



"Are you a Goop?"



"What is Captaincy to me—a man who has
been Brigadier-General?"



"Where he leads me I will follow!"



"Ahem, I was merely jesting."

New Cumberland Hotel

That's All

R. J. CLARK, Prop.

Flossy had a little "Goat"
She kept down tight the lid,
But if you whisper "What No Soap"
The "Goat" it can't be hid.

Good-bye Normal ; Hello job
We are eighty strong
Good-bye teachers, books and classrooms
Let us join in song
Don't you worry when we're gone
For we'll always think of you
So good-bye Normal ; Hello job
We'll show what we're going to do.

The same old thing: Mr. Shallies in Study Hall: "Those Juniors will sit square in their seats and shut their mouths."

Page one hundred and twenty-three

The Bigelow Studio

Fine Photographs

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

Amateur Finishing, Copying and Enlarging. Always Up-to-date,
Artistic and Accommodating

WE make Normal School class work at SPECIAL PRICES
and finish the work on short notice

W. LANSING BIGELOW, Photographer

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64 Margaret St.

Plattsburg, N. Y.

A tongue twister by Miss Katz in English Class: "There is many a chitty sild who has never tenn a scree.

Pack up your troubles in your old text books
And smile, smile, smile
While Class that's the style
What's the use of worrying
You'll surely get a job
So, pack up your troubles in your old text books
And smile, smile, smile.

Dot Hawthorne is certainly our most patriotic member. She believes in doing her "Bit."

Dr. H.: "When did Bacon die, Miss Hill?"

Miss Hill: "In the latter part of the 16th and early part of the 17th century."

Dr. H.: "That's nearly right, that's when he lived."

One hundred and twenty-four

SPEAR BROS.

26 Bridge St.

Plumbing and Heating

*Kitchen Utensils, Glenwood Ranges
that make cooking easy*

Gas Ranges and Water Heaters

WE WONDER WHY???

Catherine Beckwith gets homesick?

M. Pettet hates men?

Ann prefers high school boys? (She may be old but she has young ideas).

Frank sticks around the faculty?

M. MacDowell doesn't get wise?

M. Hill practices shorthand?

E. Cagwin doesn't buy a "lead" for Marion?

I. Byrnes wants to teach at Oyster Bay?

Brooksie acts so bored?

Mila intends to attend Cornell during the summer?

The Juniors don't grow up?

Percy doesn't put on dresses?

Avis stares?

Charles R. didn't bring his Mother with him?

R. Slater acts so "Sweet?"

June Davis doesn't go on the stage? (Adirondacks).

Stella P. doesn't like her own clothes.

K. Ball doesn't hire a derrick to carry her belongings?

Medical Hall

J. L. EVERLETH, Prop.

Brinkerhoff St., opposite P. O.

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Drug and Medicine Line*

*The home of good
ICE CREAM*

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Trials of Our Essays



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No Long Waits

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PLATTSBURG, N. Y.*

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When in need of Glasses

*Avail yourself of our superior optical
service*

*We grind our own lenses
and can
replace broken lenses
from your prescription
or broken pieces*

*AGENT
for Atlas Shuron Mounting*

N. A. BOYLE

**Optometrist
and Manufacturing Optician**

36 Clinton St. Plattsburg, N. Y.

Dr. H.: "I used to go to a Dame School. Miss Malatsky, in what century did they have Dame Schools?"

Elizabeth: "17th century."

Dr. H.: "Thank you."

M. Butler: "My! but aren't the juniors slow!!!"

Extract from M. Butler's notebook.

"The Athenians taught the students the correct use of the liar."

Mr. T.: "What is specific performance?"

Madge: "Well, if I wanted to buy a picture of you and it was the only one in existence _____"

Mr. T.: "A picture of me! Why! I'll give you one."

Benny likes to tease Helen because she is so good natured.

One day he tells her she is exempt in economics and the next day he says she isn't.

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366 Fifth Avenue
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of the Plattsburg State Normal School*



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Established 1849

SONGS OF THE FREAKS. (WHO ARE THEY?)

I.

Oh cru-el Fate that rules us all
Won't you tell me why I'm so tall
While other gir-ruls can be short
And not o'er several acres sprawl. } ELEANOR JOHNSON

II.

A lack-a day! Just look at me!
I'm scarcely four feet high
I've got to get a megaphone
To show folks when I'm nigh. } MABEL AUSTIN

III.

Some folks are measured in bushels,
While others come by the yard.
And two such ones are "B" and "El"
O Gosh! Old Fate is hard.

BAKER'S TAXI

Open and Closed

Seth R. Baker

Phone 535

5 Oak Street

Plattsburg, N. Y.

*This institution offers you
every facility for opening a
or checking savings account*

Merchants National Bank

*Resources upwards of
three and one-half million
dollars*

ROBERT H. GUIBORD, President
JOHN W. GUIBORD, Cashier

SAMMIE ASSIGNS A LESSON

Transcribe these five letters on the typewriter.

Be careful and do them accurately, pay attention to margins, arrangements, etc.

Take the next 3 letters in Gregg Speed Practice, write them 2 times and marginal words 5 times.

Write out the next 3 tests in "Hints and Helps" in ink to turn in.

Repeat 5 times pages 156, 157 in Gregg Writer and read over shorthand plates starting on page 246 through 249.

If you have any spare time go through your dictionary and endeavor to formulate some new rules.

"You ain't agoin to git credit if you ain't agoin to do the work."

Dr. H. (one morning when it was about 50 below zero): "Take separate radiators, please."

Willed to Anna Miller "a pitch pipe."

To Madge Pettet a "muffler for her voice."

Page one hundred and thirty

The Bucher Engraving Co.
Illustrators and Engravers
Columbus, Ohio

COMMERCIALITES TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt put nothing before thy Accounting.
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any dates either with the men of the Normal, the men of the High School, or the men of the Training camp.
- III. Remember thy absence card to present it promptly.
- IV. Love, honor and obey thy teachers.
- V. Thou shalt not be seen at the movies on school nights.
- VI. Thou shalt not steal the Juniors' ink bottles.
- VII. Thou shalt not bluff thru History of Commerce.
- VIII. Thou shalt not study during Assembly period.
- IX. Thou shalt not leave any rubbish on the floor in Dr. Kitchell's classroom.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's job, nor his drag, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Mr. Colburn at board making Pitman characters.

Mr. Todd: "You started out with a boy and ended with a man."

Mr. C. embarrassed erases the tops off the strokes.

Mr. Todd: "Now you have a family of dwarfs."

Plattsburg Theatre

JACK G. MATHEWS, Mgr.

Daily Matinees from - 2 to 5 P. M.

Evenings " 7:15 to 11 P. M.

ADMISSION

Children 5c

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W. E. CROSS

City Jeweler

Ruth Buck, full of fun
Got a date and away she run
The date was a treat
But Ruth had to beat
'Cause she met the faculty down the street.

Old King Shallies was a merry old soul
And a merry soul was he
He called for the cards; he called for Miss Buck
To play the fiddle-de-de.

E. Malatsky: "Egypt was about four miles each side of the Nile or eight miles in width."

M. Sinclair: "Yes, that would be eight miles, taking for granted that the Nile had two sides."

Dr. Kitchell: Lyons, I once went to a school where there were no girls, don't you envy me?

Charles: Well, I went to one once, too, I only stayed a week.

TEACHERS!

You can't go wrong when you recommend our Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon for school use. We carry only the best guaranteed stock and are willing to demonstrate to your school that we can give more for the money than others. No matter where you go we can serve you, so don't fail to write for quotations. We rebuild, rent and sell all makes of Writing Machines, and make a special rate to pupils.

The Typewriter Exchange

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

WILLIAM F. JORDAN, Proprietor

Giggle, giggle, little scholar
Keep it up, I'll make yon holler.

Dr. Henshaw to Katherine Haller in the study hall: "Your name is Haller isn't it?"

Katherine: "Yes."

Dr. H.: "Well then, don't make it Holler, if yon please."

Helen Bond stepped on Eleanor Johnson's foot.

Eleanor: "That's my foot."

Helen: "Oh, I thought it was a half yard."

Mr. Todd: "How do you write the word 'love'?"

Pupil: "L—v."

Mr. T.: "How do you write the word 'loaf'?"

Pupil: "L—f."

Mr. T.: "What is the difference between love and loaf?"

Pupil: "Love is heavy and loaf is light."

JOHN F. O'BRIEN,
President

JOHN HAUGHRAN,
Vice-President

C. E. INMAN,
Cashier

The City National Bank
of Plattsburg

Miss Keis (in Chapel): Now I want the girls to begin at the first word in the line, and the boys, "shall fade from my heart."

Peggy Hogan (climbing Poko-Moonshine Mountain): Well, maybe you would be lonesome if you stayed up here all summer, but I could live up here with a man I loved forever.

Miss Garrity to Miss Lyons (who is talking): "As usual, Miss Lyons, I see you have something to say and I don't suppose it amounts to a row of pins. I never yet heard you say anything that did."

(Talk about being teacher's pet.)

Carl Myers leads his class in Geography in drawing maps.
He is wonderful at Tracy-ing.

TRY THIS

Fold a dollar bill and place it in your vest pocket. As you take it out you will find it in creases.

The Junior boys began the year right by hanging their hats in the girls' cloak-room. Another instance of the influence of habit.

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Fit and Styles
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BYRNES'

Endless Chain of

Good
Shoe
Values

Bid You Come Here



F. E. BYRNES

The Shoeman

7 Clinton St.

Stand in the hall and this is what you hear.

Echoes from Mr. Shallies expounding "Macbeth": "Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

Answering echo from Dr. Kitchell pounding arithmetic: "72 feet long and 6 feet wide."

Percy in Logic.

All metals are conductors of electricity.

Air is a metal.

Therefore air is a conductor of electricity.

Some logic.

Let critics chew our plans and find
Fit matter for their trade of whacking
Let pundits analyze our minds
And say that this or that is lacking.

For critic sass or pundit gas
We do not care a weel old cruller,
We only know that when we pass
This school will be a darn site duller.

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QUEEN QUALITY

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PACKARD and

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Dewey Stamps Given

Oh! I wish I had a camera so the faculty all could see,
 How they look upon the rostrum to a striving soul like me.
 There is Mr. Todd, dozing off, contented with his lot,
 And Dr. Kitchell scowling hard and thinking, "It's all rot."
 And Miss Garrity, with her baton waving in the breeze,
 Knowing she will lose her balance should Mr. Taylor sneeze.
 And N. Henshaw, grasping both arms of his chair,
 Looking as tho he's going to jump right into the air.
 Mr. Correll's towering form above the others stands
 Thinking how he's going to teach "Push. pull—roll the hand."
 But sings right lustily with Miss Carrol peaking on his book,
 And Mr. Sinclair looking on with and "economically speaking" look.
 And Miss Andrew's famous smile when we start to sing
 Annie Laurie, Loch Lomond or some such other thing.
 And Mr. Shallies looking wise and holding down his chair,
 Thinking how happy he would be if he had his knitting there.
 And Miss O'Brien's disgusted nod when a speaker makes her bow
 Thinking of the time she's wasted trying to teach her how.
 Now if, dear Faculty, you could see yourselves from head to feet
 I'm sure you'd all make a dive for a far back seat.

Page one hundred and thirty-six

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Facial Massage, Hair Dyeing
Superfluous Hair Removed*

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PLATTSBURGH. N. Y.

I am a handsome little boy,
My home is by the sea,
I take the girlies to the show,
My name it is—Charlie.

Mr. Correll: "Miss Brooks, if you couldn't collect all your Accounts Receivable, what reserve would you set up?"

Esther: "Why, Reserve for Bad-er-Bad Habits."

Elizabeth Malatsky, without a mate
Alone upon the ice, she had no date.
Till Bill passed by, at E. M. did grin,
Stood on the ice where it was thin.
Took off his hat, made a low bow,
There is no ice where he is now.

At the suggestion of Doc. Robinson, Beth Graves adopted glasses early in the spring. (Wonder if there was a *case* that went with those glasses!)

Charles J. Vert
Lawyer

The Normal is all right so is the

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Surgeon Dentist

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BENNIE ASSIGNS A LESSON

Class you will take 240 to 261 for the first Monday after school opens. If school opens on Monday it will be for the following Monday. I don't know how it will be this year. The custom has been for it to open on Wednesday or rather on the second day after New Year's giving the first day after New Year's for the return of the pupils. But as I have said I don't know how it will be this year, probably it would relieve the minds of most of us if we did know, teachers and students alike, but we don't know, you don't know. I don't know, none of us know. We wish we did know. Perhaps soon we shall know. Anyway the assignment will be for a day after the vacation in order to give you, generally speaking, ample time for the preparation of the work. 240 to 261 for the day set.

Miss Carrol: If you were lost in the woods, Miss Howes, how would you go about it to find your way out?

Greta: Well, I'd look at the stars.

Miss C.: Fine, and if you were lost in the morning I suppose you would wait all day for them to come out before doing anything.

HARRY M. COOKE

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Professor: "What is a dogma?"

Pupil: "A pup's Mother."

We fear that Literature Methods is proving too great a mental strain for Miss Anshelewitz from the fact that at regular intervals she disturbs the tranquility of our class by an outburst of, "He comes, he comes!" which dies away in low guttural sounds only to be repeated again at the same time the next day. "He comes, he comes!"

Sing a Song of Economics
A pocket full of woe
Four and twenty zeros
Standing in a row.

When the test was over
Awful was the grief,
Everyone was saying
"Oh, I made a Beef."

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Leading Department Store*

Ready-to-wear Apparel for Women

Dry Goods Novelties

Here lies the remains of the Grim Gregg Grinds
There was too much tax on their little weak minds
"No Speed Limit"—their motto so gay
But the poor thing lasted only one day.

Dr. Henshaw: Miss D'Arcy, what was the purpose of the "Orbis Pictus"?
Miss D'Arcy: It was to teach one how to make shoes.

IN THE GRADE

Teacher: Now can anyone give a sentence with the word "gruesome" in it?
Pupil: The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers.

If the price of medicine should fall would a "cough drop?"

This verse does not mean anything
It's merely here for volyum
I simply wrote the gol darned thing
To fill this bloomin' colyum.

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L. R. Utting

HIST OF ED.

Who was Alexander the Great?

Answer—Leader of a ragtime band.

'Twas the night before Finals when all through the rooms,
Not a creature was stirring, all thought of their dooms.
The textbooks lay opened on table and chair
In hopes that the knowledge would spring from its lair.

The students were boneing—no thoughts of their heds,
But visions of zeros just danced in their heads.
While some in the front rooms and some in the back
Has just settled themselves for a good hard attack.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
All looked from their work to see what was the matter.
Away from their studies they flew like a flash,
Books flew off the table; fell down with a crash.

Thomas H. Smith William J. Smith

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The moon 'cross the lake on the campers below
Was a beckoning sight to us—studying so ;
When what to our wondering eye should appear
But eight classmates who had of the Finals no fear.

And the jolly girls told us that if we'd be quick
We could go to the movies and see Mary Pick.
We were just going to tell them we wouldn't be game
When they whistled and shonted and called us by name.

Come Frankie, come Bobbie, come Catherine and Kenney
Don't stay home to study for dear little Benny
To the top of the stairs, at the end of the hall
Now slide down the bannisters ; dash away all.

As we turned the corners and looked around
Down the street Dr. Kitchell came with a bound
He was buttoned up high from his head to his feet
And the scowl on his face was not very sweet.

*Compliments of
Plattsburgh
Knights of Columbus*

A bundle of books he had flung on his back
And we knew our exam was safe in his pack
His droll little mouth was drawn in a queer smile
That gave us some brain thought for some little while.

As dry leaves as before the wild hurricane fly
With hearts in our mouths we pussy-footed by
Along the streets to the movies we flew
But each one was feeling decidedly blue.

The next day we shook as we entered the room
As though we were going direct to our doom.
But a wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave us to know we had nothing to dread.

Dr. Kitchell (In Logic, talking about spoons): Well, Miss Bowe, you needn't smile quite so much, altho I suppose that word does recall pleasant recollections.

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THE JUNIORS

Some are small, some are tall
Some are very lean
Some are fat, but worse than that,
The most of them are green.

TO DOT LYONS

She loves its gentle warble
She loves its gentle flow
She loves to wind her month up
She loves to hear it go.

AT THE DANCES

Cuff—Wilt thou?
Collar—I wilt.

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Soda Water

and

Ice Cream

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*WITHERILL
HOTEL*

AND GRILL ROOM

Wm. H. Howell, Prop.

IN HISTORY OF EDUCATION

Dr. H.: "Miss Hawthorne, which author do you like best?"

Dot: "Hawthorne."

Dr. H.: "Well, Nathaniel was a creditable member of your family."

Mr. Correll to pupil: "Practice your names frequently. Miss Cagwin, that is something you will use all your life."

Dr. Henshaw: "What does Rousseau say about the education of women?"

Dot: "Well, he says they should just study the men."

Dr. H.: "Do you believe in that kind of education?"

Dot: "Oh, my, NO."

Stella Patnode stays out as late as she wants to now, as she always has a Key with her. We conclude that she intends to write her song "My Future Happiness" in the Key of A Flat. (In Peru).

Miss Meagher to Miss O'Brien. "Is there any cure for stage fright?"

Miss O'Brien: "Yes, experience, you may take the class today."

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Mr. Todd in Putnam shorthand: "Miss Flint, in the word 'lull' where does the first 'lay' end?"

Miss Flint: "Where the second one begins."

Mr. Shallies: "In this poem, 'leaves like people go to sleep',—some people are so sleepy they can't get to bed. Isn't that so, Miss Buck?"

Miss Buck (colors slightly and murmurs): "Not Guilty."

Dr. Kitchell at the close of his patriotic address at the Clinton Theatre: "Don't leave any garbage on the floor."

Mary Murry has had wavy hair ever since she explored the Canal last fall.

Dr. Henshaw: "To spell Latin and Greek with a small G is a capital offense.

Miss Keis (first day in Chapel): "Now I want you girls to get acquainted with the new songs, yes and the boys too.

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TESTIMONIALS ON "HOW WE GOT ON THE HONOR ROLL"

With my eyes.—Alice Palmer.

My Aunt's on the Faculty Staff.—Ruth Kenney.

I wrote notes to the teachers when I made a beef.—Beatrice Scriver.

I spoke to the teachers before and after class.—Agnes Foley.

I prepared Mr. Todd's lessons for him.—Madeline Butler.

I pussy-foot.—Madeleine Pettet.

I'm Petsey's roommate.—Anna Miller.

I sit near the bright students.—Marion Golley.

I look after Mr. Todd's real estate in Brooklyn.—Flo Purvis.

I follow Prof. Sinclair's footsteps.—Catherine McQuillan.

I look wise.—Catherine Curtin.

Dr. Kitchell is my friend.—Marion Parkhurst.

My years and experience helped me.—Claire McCann.

I look like a teacher.—Ruth Slater.

My health is poor.—Katherine Robb.

I moved to a faculty's home.—Frances Abrahamson.

I don't know how it happened.—Mildred Tucker.

I planned on it a year ago.—Irene Byrnes.

They knew I'd kick if they didn't put me on.—Elizabeth Malatsky.

Miss Shattuck: Because I scared "Dolly" Ingalls.

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STUDENT TO DR. KITCHELL

I need this course pretty badly, Professor.

Dr. Kitchell: H'm I guess that's the way you're getting it.

Dr. Henshaw: "Miss MacDowell, don't look at me with those flaring glaring eyes. You distract me from my thoughts.

Miss Robb is very unselfish, but she can afford to be, as she always gets the Lyons' share anyway.

REWARD: A generous reward will be given by Madeleine Pettet and Anna Miller for the best plans for portable rooms.

Dr. Henshaw (gazing in alarm at clock which has ceased to run): "When did that clock stop?"

Mr. Sinclair: "I am in the same boat as you are."

Dot Hawthorne: "Well, I wish to goodness we'd anchor."

Page one hundred and forty-eight

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thinking of a Bank
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ON THE TROLLEY

F'r the love o' Mike can't you go any faster than this?

Conductor—Certainly! Int you see, I have to stay on the car.

There was a girl who went to a dance,
And for all I know, must have been in a trance,
Her friends have a laugh whenever they tell it—
For she slept on two coats way up in the garret.

He—Would you like a pet poodle

She—Oh, Ray, this is so sudden.

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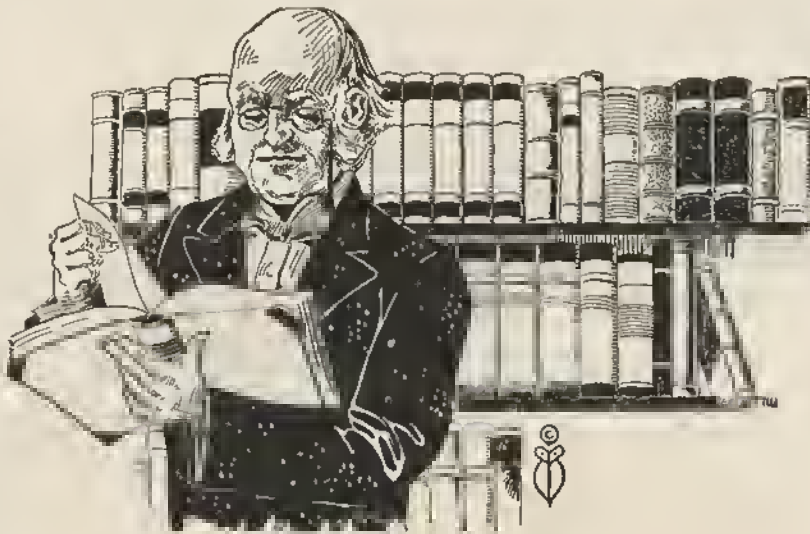
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